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* Letters on file at A. C. Spalding & Bros., Chicago, Ill.

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SPALDING
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- 4 SCOREBOARD
- 12 EVENTS & DISCOVERIES
- 20 THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT
- 26 PAT ON THE BACK

- 28 FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR
- 32 COMING EVENTS
- 34 THE 15TH HOLE

37 SPECTACLE: YACHTS ON THE WAYS

A handsome selection of sleek-going racers. In Color by JERRY COOPER and RONNY JAGGERS plus a new look at the rest of boating by EDNA BOWEN

39 THE 31st KENTUCKY DERBY

WILLIAM FAULKNER turns his prize-winning pen to horse racing and the Derby while WHITNEY TOWER reports the play by play

41 SUBURBIA'S DREAMBOAT COMES OF AGE

Namely, the station wagon, which has worked its way up to a firmly established position as a sporting and utility car. By JOHN BENTLEY

43 TENZING: TIGER OF EVEREST

In the last of the series, Tenzing reveals the troubles of fame, and describes his life today. As told to JAMES RAMSEY ULLMAN

45 SWIMMING POOLS, THE NATION'S DUNK

A light-hearted survey by HOMER SUTTON

47 FINE FEATHERS AND FANCY HOUSING

The progress of birds' changing plumage in words and paintings by ROBERT CONNOR MURPHY and ARTHUR SINGER; and the heart-warming story of a unique wildfowl sanctuary in England by FARLEY MORAT

THE DEPARTMENTS

6 **Mothers:** JIMMY DONALD asks: Do you agree with Max Finkelstein, editor of *The Ring* magazine, that Jack Johnson was the greatest heavyweight of all time?

40 **Health:** WILLIAM H. WHITE reports on the tiring job of boating's patch-up men

44 **Basing:** BUDD SCHULBERG writes about the sorry business of hand-picking opponents for champions like Mariani

42 **Inside Baseball:** PAUL RICHARDS, Manager of the Baltimore Orioles, starts his series on strategy by discussing signals

44 **Baseball:** ROBERT CREMER points out that the Pirates are an exciting and potentially great new team

45 **Tip from the Top:** HARRY FERRULLO of the Mission Hills Country Club, Northbrook, Ill., discusses gauging the trap shot

28 **The Matchwit Puzzle:** The dust with the dictionary



COVER: TREDFUL OF BIRDS
Painting by Arthur Singer

This mythical tree crowded with real birds is an artist's salute to the fresh look of spring now on view in our woods and back yards. No bird watcher will ever see all those species in one place, of course, and to aid in identifying them we show a key to the tree's 60 inhabitants on page 44. For a closer look at returning spring favorites, see *What the Well-Dressed Bird Will Wear* on page 56.

Subscription to page 44

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

THE NINE LIVES OF LEO DUROCHER

Beginning a three-part series by Robert Shapiro on the mercurial career of the Giants' manager

HUNTING THE ALASKAN BROWN BEAR

By Peakin documents a wilderness search for America's most dangerous animal

A TRUMPET CALL TO TRENCHMEN

Herman Hickman, champion of gourmandise, calls upon all brave men to tuck in their napkins

RECORD BREAKERS

● **Eddie Southern**, lanky 17-year-old speedster from Dallas' Sunset High School, ripped through 440-yard dash in 5:47.2 day after running in 5:47.4 clocking in preliminary, twice shattered national scholastic record of 48 flat in Texas Intercollegiate League meet at Austin. Southern, hailed as greatest high school track star in Texas history, also won 220-yard dash in 20.7, tied 22-year-old mark held by Tabakus John Owens, took 120-yard high hurdles in 9:14.3. ● **Dan Bowden** of University

of California took first competitive crack at mile in dual meet with Stanford at Berkeley, Calif., romped home in 4:11.7, established new national freshman standard. ● **Charlie Krapp** and **Phil Drake**, University of North Carolina middle-distance swimmers, set two American records in AAU-sanctioned trials at Chapel Hill, N.C. Krapp was timed in 1:49.1 for 500-yard backstroke, 4:21.9 for 500-meter backstroke; Drake did 500-yard butterfly in 5:37.3, 500-meter butterfly in 7:11.3.

BASEBALL

Brooklyn Dodgers, rolling along at breakneck pace, won close ones, ran latest winning streak to 10, raised season's record to 21-2, moved nine full games out in front of **Milwaukee** in runaway National League race. **Brooks** edged **Milwaukee** 2-0 on 12th-inning home run by **Carl Furillo**, beat fading St. Louis Cardinals 12-4, 4-3, swept three-game series from faltering Philadelphia Phils 6-4, 6-3, 9-8. **Carl Erskine** contributed superb pitching, bested Milwaukee's **Gene Conley** in 3-0 game, whipped Phils 6-3 later in week for 8th victory. Manager **Walter Alton** also won out in week's biggest rhabarb, suspended **Pitcher Don Newcombe**, who refused to pitch batting practice, for insubordination, was barked up by club officials. Centrite Newcombe apologized after one-day absence, returned to beat Philadelphia in relief, remarked, "It is mighty expensive day off—it ain't gonna happen again."

Milwaukee dropped four games to **Brooklyn** and **Pittsburgh**, bounced back to sweep three-game series from St. Louis 8-5, 9-7, 6-2, took over second place.

New York Giants continued to have troubles but took two out of three from Chicago Cubs 6-4, 4-3, 6-3, split four games with surprising Pittsburgh Pirates, moved into third place with .500 mark. Outfielder **Dan Mader** collected five hits in Sunday twin-bill with Pirates, hit in 21st consecutive game, raised batting average to .421, three points behind St. Louis' **Bill Virdon**, who topped National League with .426.

Pittsburgh Pirates' young ball club amazed rest of league, ripped off six straight before bowing to Giants 11-2, jumped to fifth place. Cincinnati shaved improvement, won five of six from Phils and Cubs, moved out of last place. St. Louis dropped from second to sixth after losing seven in row; hard-pressed Philadelphia absorbed six successive defeats, wallowed in National League cellar.

Cleveland Indians had good week, beat Boston Red Sox 4-2, split pair with New York Yankees 7-4, 1-11, took four games from Kansas City 4-1, 9-3, 9-6, 2-1 to hold American League lead after Detroit Tigers made most of strong hitting by Al Kaline, batting .607, to save tie, then slumped to fourth with those losses to Chicago White Sox. Hooker Herb Score turned in week's best pitching chore for Indians, beat Kansas City 4-1 on three-hitter, struck out 10.

New York Yankees had trouble with Detroit and Cleveland, recovered to blast Boston Red Sox 6-3, 9-4, 5-3, settled into second-place tie with Chicago White Sox, who split pair with Washington 5-3, 4-3,

grabbed three of four from Tigers 1-8, 1-7, 5-4, 1-6. Yankees' **Bob Turley** won fifth game with two-hit 6-9 victory over Red Sox, fanned 13, has given up 17 hits, seven runs, struck out 46, walked 28 in 45 innings.

Kansas City maintained fifth-place standing despite losses to Washington Senators, who moved up to sixth, and Cleveland while Red Sox managed only one win in seven games with Cleveland, Detroit and New York, slumped to seventh, more 1½ games ahead of last-place Baltimore.

HORSE RACING

Swaps, Box C. Ellsworth's brilliant California-bred chestnut colt, came out of West with reputation, made it stand up in richest (\$122,500) Kentucky Derby at Churchill Downs. Off to good start in run for race, Swaps quickly moved into lead under jockey Willie Shoemaker, stayed there despite stretch challenge by favored Nashua, was going away by length and half in 7:01½, two-fifths of second off Whirlaway's record for mile and quarter, earned \$106,400 for jockey owner, more for betters who backed 14-5 second choice. Summer Tan faded badly, was disappointing third, six-and-a-half length behind Nashua.

Louis B. Mayer's Alford led all way, fought off Determiner, 1934 Kentucky Derby winner, galloped to half-length victory in \$50,000 Golden Gate Handicap at Alhambra, Calif. Favored Rejected finished dejected last in five-horse race.

ROWING

Penn's smooth-stroking oarsmen accomplished what no other crew had been able to do in 31 previous races since 1953—beat Navy. Rowing in Adams Cup regatta on Charles River at Cambridge, Mass., Coach Joe Bark's determined eight-man experts managed to front soon after start, skinned along at even beat set by Stroke Fred Lane, scooped to 38 to beat off challenge of hard-driving Navy in last quarter-mile, jealously swept to length-and-half triumph over charged Middle in record-breaking 4:47.7 for mile and three quarters. Host Harvard was five lengths back. Disappointed Navy Coach Rusty Calow, who had seen his charges win three IRA, three Eastern sprint titles, 1953 Olympic championship while piling up 31 straight victories, cried: "Now I guess Navy will have to start hedging for crew skills."

Cornell started slowly, staged late sprint to pull away from Syracuse, won by six lengths in 10:12.2 over two-mile Cayuga Lake course at Ithaca, N.Y., made Big Red threat to Penn and Navy in Eastern sprint championship at Washington, D.C. May 14.

SAILING

Bermuda's international one-design yachtmen sailed to victories in four races, scored 31½ points to 28 for U.S. crew from Long Island Sound, captured America Cup in International Race Week feature at Charleston. U.S. took seven racing honors in international 14-foot dinghy class.

HUNT RACING

Uncle Pierre, Cyrus Masimore's 9-year-old bay gelding, ridden by Penn law student Eddie Murray, stormed from behind when favored Demades and Gliding Slide failed to navigate tough timber fence, scored three-length victory over Drift Wood in 8:41½ as only four of 13 horses finished grueling four-mile steeplechase at Warren, Va., earned big win on Virginia Gold Cup, thistle-shaped, octagonal golden medal from gold nuggets mined during 1848 California gold rush.

BOXING

Julio Mederos, Cuban heavyweight, slugged queer-acting, rubber-legged Harold Johnson, No. 1-ranked light-heavyweight challenger, for two rounds, won by TKO when Dr. Alfred Appella Jr. ordered wild NBC-promoted TV fight stopped at end of second at Philadelphia and announced that Johnson "appeared to have been doped" (see page 26).

Sugar Ray Robinson, looking slightly sharper and faster in fifth comeback battle, was staggered by right to lead in first, came back to pound out easy 10-round decision over much-beaten Garth Parster at Salt Lake City at Detroit.

Archie Moore, fresh from 15-round victory over Nino Valdes, temporarily set aside hope of meeting Rocky Marciano for heavyweight championship, agreed to defend light-heavyweight crown against Middleweight Champion Carl (Bobo) Olson June 22 at New York's Polo Grounds. Moore, faced with prospect of shedding 21½ pounds to make 175-pound limit, had another problem this week. Anointed in San Diego on charge of non-support of son Archie Jr. on complaint signed by ex-wife, Archie Sr. pleaded innocent, must appear for jury trial July 21.

Percey Bassett, interim featherweight champion while Sandy Saddler was in service and now No. 1 contender, heard bad news: He is suffering from badly detached retina in left eye, spelling end to career which saw him win 64, lose 12, draw once.

BOWLING

Marion Ladwig of Grand Rapids, Mich., America's best woman bowler, teamed with

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HOTBOX



JIMMY JEMAIL

The Question:

Nat Fleischer, editor of "The Ring," says that Jack Johnson was the greatest heavyweight fighter of all time. Do you agree?

JOHN L. HORGAN, Miami



New Terrace Place Hotel proprietor

"I sang with old John L. Sullivan's revue. That's how far back I go. Jack Johnson was great, but not as great as Sullivan, Joe Louis, Jack Dempsey or Jim Jeffries. I doubt that Louis, Dempsey, or Jeffries could have licked John L. in his prime. Jim Corbett beat John when he was all washed up."

BERNARD GIMBEL, Greenwich, Conn.



Chairman of the Board Gimbel Bros.

"No, Tunney was the greatest. I saw Johnson around Philly for years. Look at the man he fought. True, he was a great boxer, but Tunney was a fighter, a mere resourceful boxer, and he wasn't a spartan fighter. He had great speed and could go at top speed as long as necessary."

E. J. "MIKE" BOWELL, Amherst, Mass.



Trade association executive

"No. The greatest was the Marquess of Queensberry, Jack Dempsey. I saw Jack Johnson, Jess Willard, who licked Johnson, Dempsey, Braddock, Max Baer, Prince Carners, Gene Tunney and Firpo, the Wild Bull of the Pampas. Dempsey always came in with fists falling like pistons. He never let up."

JACK DEMPSEY, New York



Former heavyweight champion

"It's unfair to name any one heavyweight as the greatest. Other greats were Gene Tunney, Jim Corbett, Bob Fitzsimmons, Jim Jeffries and Jake Kilrain. Tunney and Corbett would have outboxed Johnson. Fitzsimmons might have ruined him for all time with one of his murderous body punches."

JACK McDONALD, San Francisco



Cal Ballistic Sports editor

"No, Johnson can't be faulted for his defensive skill, but Jeffries and Dempsey were the greatest offensively and Jim Corbett was one of the most scientific fighters who ever lived. Lightweight Joe Gans was the greatest fighter of all time. He had everything a man could have in boxing skill."

GEORGE BARTON, Minneapolis



Chairman Minnesota State Athletic Commission

"Yes. He would defeat all heavies from John L. Sullivan to Rocky Marciano in any distance, from six rounds to 60. Old-timers like Fleischer and I know how great he was. He was often obliged to permit opponents, particularly white men, to go the limit or make good showings in order to get fights."

GENE TUNNEY, Stamford, Conn.



Undebated heavyweight champion

"No. I've seen many great heavyweights and I've made a painstaking study of other records. The greatest heavyweights were John L. Sullivan, Jim Corbett, Jack Johnson and Jack Dempsey, the greatest killer of all. In his prime, I think Dempsey would have chased Johnson out of the ring."

LOU STILLMAN, New York City



Owner Stillman's boxing gym

"Yes. He could do everything better than any other fighter. He was a terrific puncher at long range. Even Jim Corbett and Bob Fitzsimmons, who rated Jim Jeffries over him as a fighter, said Johnson was the greatest defensive battler in history. He was a master of the lost art of feinting."

JOE WOODMAN, New York City
Fight manager



"No, Johnson was a great defensive fighter. Jim Jeffries was the all-time great. He had such a terrific punch that he would take a blow to land one. Sure, Johnson beat him in 1910, but Jim came out of six years' retirement, way past his peak, in response to public clamor. It's the only fight he ever lost."

ED BANG, Cleveland News
Sports editor



"Jack was tops at a house. His rivals in closeness were Corbett and Tunney. As hitters, I would place Dempsey, Jeffries and Joe Louis ahead of Johnson. Dempsey might have kayaked Johnson through sheer power. But in a distance fight, Johnson would certainly have won."

JIMMY BRONSON, New York City
Fight manager



"Yes, Jack fought all over the world. He frequently won battle royals against six fighters in the ring. At 68, when he was killed, he didn't have a mark on his body from boxing. Gene Tunney retired three fights from his peak. Had he continued, he might have been the greatest. He had everything."

**NEXT WEEK'S
 QUESTION:**

CUNY President Buell G. Gallagher says: "All big-time college sports are subsidized. Players go to the highest bidder." Do you agree?

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MEMO FROM THE PUBLISHER



BASEBALL has become in its more than century-old history the most voluminously reported of all American sports. It has also developed into what may well be the most complicated of all team games, strategically. This phase of baseball has remained comparatively unreported.

BUT *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* has already published, in this young season, two reports on baseball strategy: Jeremiah Tax's *Baseball? It's All in the Mind* (SI, April 25) and Dick Young's *Walter Alston's School for Boys* (SI, May 2). And beginning with this issue and for the rest of the baseball season, SI will publish selections from *Modern Baseball Strategy*, the forthcoming book by Baltimore Oriole Manager Paul Richards, one of the game's master strategists. Clear, straightforward expositions of the intricacies of baseball play, what they tell is of equal interest to those who know the game and those who want to, those who play it and those who tell others how.

Complicated as baseball is as a game, it has also seemed to produce more than its share of complicated personalities. One of these is Branch Rickey, on whom Gerald Holland wrote his penetrating study in SI (March 7). Another is the manager of the World Champion New York Giants, Leo Durocher. Next week SI begins a three-part biography by Robert Shaplen of this enigmatic baseball figure, taking him from his pool-playing childhood in West Springfield, Mass. to his present and still controversial position at the top of the baseball ladder. To get the story Shaplen traveled from coast to coast, and interviewed at length not only Durocher but 30 to 40 other people closely associated with him during his career.

In his introduction to Paul Richards' book, Leo Durocher himself says, "It will be accepted, I am sure, as the standard for all books of this kind."

And readers of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* will, I am sure, feel the same way about Robert Shaplen's story on Durocher.

Harry Phillips



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Wilson rackets never stop working for you. Their Strata-Bow frames and Speed-Flex fiber throats give you extra action . . . extra hitting power. And with 3 different weights and grip

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NEW... for Sportsmen!

the **LOSS-
PROOF
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Can't get lost when that
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Or when you're shooting
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Or when you're out where
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Here's the first big improvement in sports-
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the stream, in the brush, or on the water!

A "built-in" elastic lanyard holds the new
LOSS-PROOF ZIPPO securely to your jacket
or belt. Attaches instantly without pins or hooks
... extends simply to light a smoke or a fire ...
retracts so it won't tangle!

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EVENTS &
DISCOVERIES

Old Kentucky hoke • Leak, lurch and lockup • Ike's
golfing guest • Whither the Dodgers? • A cheer for
Bobby Shantz • The man who talked to Frankie Frisch

EVERYBODY'S DERRY

BY THE TIME the clocks at Churchill Downs pointed to 4:35 last Saturday afternoon, every man, woman and child in the U.S. and at least 10 horses knew who had won the Kentucky Derby. This statement is a downright lie—it just seemed as though every man, woman and child in the U.S. knew who had won—but for purposes of this essay, since it has a fine, authoritative ring, it will be presumed to be the hope-to-die, bell-me-in-hot-lard-and-throw-me-to-the-cat-fish truth. A good many careless readers will probably swear it is the truth, 10 years from now, and this dramatizes the fact that the Derby is one of those wonderful phenomena which are recorded differently in millions of different minds and stay that way until the reaper or the keeper steps in and lays the recipient away.

Since only 100,000 people crowded into the track at Louisville most of the Derby audience drew their impressions by electronic or word of mouth. The televisioners got a good look at the race itself but fell prey to one startling illusion: it rained lightly for but two or three minutes before the start, but the cameras created the impression that the whole place—crowds, horses, judges and band—was drenched by a torrential downpour and that the track just had to be muddy no matter what the newspapers said. And both televisioners and radio listeners were subject to mental aberration which varied from time zone to time zone.

When it was 4:35 in Louisville it was 5:35 in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Bangor, Atlanta and Wilmington, Del.; alcohol, it is needless to remark, had by that time of a Saturday afternoon worked its marvels on the ganglia, gray matter and perhaps even the eyeballs of some citizenry of the Eastern Seaboard. But it was only 2:35 in Los Angeles—where tens of thousands have become addicted to gardening, and through this pastime to the practice of spading a local potion concocted of powdered sheep's manure into the soil. There is no benefit to be had by further reflection upon the fact that environment is apt to influence the memory.

But what of those lucky, if rumpled, thousands who were actually within the storied confines of Churchill Downs?

If they were penned in the infield a lot of them couldn't see the race at all—although somebody told them what somebody else thought had happened rather quickly. It must also be reported that Commander Edward Whitehead—the ginger-bearded Briton who has raised himself to near-eminence in the U.S. by appearing in advertisements for tonic water—picked the right horse. The Commander stood in line before the \$5 window when the race was over and was seen and heard by

continued on next page

CURRENT WEEK & WHAT'S AHEAD

California-bred Swaps beat Nashua and won the Derby, but failed to surprise Winning Jockey Willie Shoemaker—"When Nashua came up on us I knew we were going to win," said Willie the Shoe afterward. "Swaps was priding up his ears. He wanted to loaf, so I hit him and he flattened out his ears." ... Comment against Britain's stiff-necked love on soccer substitutions came to a boil as Newcastle United beat Manchester City, 3-1, before 100,000 people in the English Cup Finals—Manchester lost a back through injuries after 10 minutes and was forced to play 10 men against 11 through the rest of the game ... Pitt's amazing Arnie Sovell (who will eventually try for the four-minute mile) ran a quarter-mile relay lap (with a running start) in 0:45.4—undercutting the 46-second world record ... Navy's three-year, 31-race winning streak—longest in rowing history—was finally ended as Pennsylvania's high-speed varsity crew won the Adams Cup by a length-and-a-half (with Harvard third) in a mile-and-three-quarters sprint at Cambridge ... Madrid's bullfight weekly, *El Espectador*, cheered the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals for its laudable animosity—"If the U.S. imports bullfighting," it explained, "the sport will never recover" ... The Rumpaging Dodgers won their 21st game, thereby obscuring an almost equally astounding phenomenon—a six-game winning streak by the lowly Pittsburgh Pirates ... Heavyweight Roland La Starra (a victim of both Rocky Marciano and Don Cockell) warned the tender-hearted champ that the Englishman's left jab is damaging—but London's unrepentant hoodlums offered 7-1 to anyone who would bet on Cockell by a decision, 16-1 on Cockell by a knockout in 11 to 18 rounds, 20-1 on Cockell by a knockout in 6 to 10 rounds, and 25 to 1 on Cockell by a knockout in the first five.

continued from page 13

score. In five years, ask any of them if they remember who won the Derby in '55. "Remember? Of course, I remember. It was Schweppel!"

SUNNY JIM'S DARK DAY

SUNNY JIM PITTSIMMONS, Nashville's stooped and ancient trainer, looked surprised just once on Derby Day. The time: 5:15, a full 15 minutes before the field was off at Churchill Downs. The place: the doorway of Belmont Park's Jockey Club offices to which the 80-year-old Mr. Fitz—who did not quite feel up to the jostling crowds in Louisville—repaired to watch the race in quiet on television. Quiet! The room was a tangle of floodlights; cameras and wires, and squads of television photographers, engineers, announcers, news cameramen and reporters were packed in tight as anchovies. But after just one amazed stare, Sunny Jim grinned. "Hi boys," he said. "This is some setup you have here. Where do you want me to sit?"

The question was academic for there was only one spot left, a salt chair right in front of the television set. During the 15 minutes preceding past time Mr. Fitz moved back and forth according to photographers' wishes ("No, no, don't mind at all; just whatever you boys want") and briefly but politely answered all questions (Yes, he had talked to son John down at Louisville earlier in the afternoon and everything was all right. . . . No, the prospect of a heavy track wasn't bothering them. The horse was a good mudder). During the actual running of the race itself, Mr. Fitz was the calmest person in the room.

Afterward, refusing to make any excuses, he said the better horse, at least on that day, had won, and that it had been a very good race. When asked if he had been excited he said, "No, not excited. A little anxious, though." And how did he feel? "Well, I lost a race I wanted to win very much." The only sign of rebellion came when photographers asked him to pull out his handkerchief. "Now, boys, don't expect me to cry for you," he smiled. "You're not going to make me look like a bad loser." Instead he mopped his forehead, which didn't need mopping, while the flashbulbs popped. Then, good loser Mr. Fitz, still sunny even in defeat, put away his handkerchief, picked up his seat-type walking stick and shuffled out to a waiting car.

DIRTY BUSINESS (CONT.)

BOXING'S DEVILISH PATTEN turned last week in three directions: Item: Julius Helfand, New York's new boxing commission chairman, poked a pointed finger into the affairs of the International Boxing Club (James D. Norris, president) and the International Boxing Guild (Honest Bill Daly, treasurer). He had heard, he said, allegations that there were "irregularities in the handling of boxers by certain managers and promoting interests." He received immediate testimony to that effect (see page 32).

Item: Another boxing commission chairman, James H. Crowley of Pennsylvania and once of Notre Dame's Four Horsemen, ordered another kind of investigation. Under gubernatorial instructions, like Helfand, to clean up boxing's dirty business in his state, Crowley studied the strange fight in which Harold Johnson, light-heavyweight contender and 4-1 favorite, seemingly was drugged to defeat in his Philadelphia bout with Julio Mederos.

Item: Eddie Cocco, once manager of Rocky Graziano and old friend of Jim Norris, surrendered sullenly to begin a life sentence for murder in Florida.

HOT TIME AT BURNING TREE

WHEN THAILAND'S Premier Phibul Songgram, 58, made his official visit to Washington President Eisenhower not only presented him with the Legion of Merit but asked him out to Burning Tree Country Club for a round of golf—a privilege never before accorded a head of state. Songgram, as a result, found himself the focus of intense curiosity the next day

when he spoke at the National Press Club. He had hardly finished, as a matter of fact, before Club President Lucian C. Warren rose and asked: "Who won that golf game between you and the President?"

Premier Songgram recognized a diplomatic dilemma when he saw one and met it instantly: He chuckled. His English, he said, was "very poor" and "not correct to the grammar." He chuckled again. "Yes," he said. "Well. When I saw my club I like to play very much and especially with his excellency the President. I start by practice with five iron club. I drove it a very long distance. I feel I win. I won. I try my wooden club, No. 2, No. 3, No. 4. I drove many balls and nearly hit the caddy. Even that time I feel I won. I feel younger, sometime 57. The second round my partner he did a written score. He is the president of the golf committee. He play well. Sometimes he putt very long putts. I don't know. I win about 12 and 15 holes. But he told me he lose. He said the President win."

It seemed like a masterly handling of a difficult subject. No U.S. citizen could possibly feel that the President had not won, no Siamese could assume that his premier had been beaten, and the world's golfers simply had to conclude that something new was being added to their game in the Orient.

DUCK MARKET BULLISH

WHEN Robert Winthrop, sitting in his office 34 floors above Wall Street in New York, is not thinking about stocks and bonds, as becomes a partner in the investment firm of Robert Winthrop and Company, he is likely to be thinking about ducks. This also becomes Mr. Winthrop, for he is the new president of the organization founded in 1937 to encourage serious thinking about wildfowl: Ducks Unlimited.

Upon taking office, Broker Winthrop was able to speak bullishly of prospects for waterfowl in 1955, thanks to 18 years of effort by Ducks Unlimited and the spending of more than \$4 million in reclaiming dried-up breeding areas of waterfowl in the Canadian prairie provinces of Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba. D.U. has spent its money, contributed by wildfowlers and conservationists, in constructing more than 600 dams and water gates, more than a hundred miles of canals and ditches, 7½ miles of barbed-wire fences, and in dealing sternly with such enemies of ducklings as crows and magpies.



SPORTESE (Cont.)

A mare to the bullpen,
The bases are full,
There's only a pitcher—
Here comes the ball.

—BARNEY HUTCHISON

"Altogether," said Mr. Winthrop, a tall, rangy man of 51 who looks like he might have been a good prospect for the crew at Harvard (he was), "there have been 455 projects since D.U. was founded. There are 20 to 30 new ones undertaken every year, and right now 381 are operating. Here's the way a typical project gets started. In 1953, the 'moosehead telegraph' brought out word that the Hay Lakes area in Alberta was largely dried up. D.U. flew in an expedition and took a survey,



then, with the cooperation of the Canadian Water Stabilization Board, started a dam-building program that is now bringing back most of the area as a duck-producing region."

Mr. Winthrop got interested in Ducks Unlimited as a contributor, then began to take a more active part in its activities; he served as secretary before his election as president. "I believe," he says, "that if it had not been for Ducks Unlimited, we would not be shooting ducks today."

As it is, millions of ducks will be starting south along the four great flyways this fall, and seated in a duck blind on the north shore of Lake Erie will be Robert Winthrop, who believes, too, that it is better for a duckling to grow up and be shot down than never to grow up at all.

THE COMEBACK

WHEN THE OPPOSING POSITION has just shut out his team, it is somewhat unusual for a manager to say: "I hope he wins 50 games this year." Yet that is what Casey Stengel said—and meant—after Kansas City's Bobby Shantz held the Yankees to three hits recently as K.C. won 6-0. And Manager Stengel's sentiment was echoed by players and club officials all around the major league circuit.

Robert Clayton Shantz, the object of all this bipartisan rooting, is a balding, 39-year-old southpaw from Pottstown, Pa., who stands just five and a half feet tall and weighs a scant 135 pounds. Through years of remarkable achievement and bitter failure, his quiet, self-effacing behavior and dogged determination to succeed in competition with athletes his physical superior, have earned him a special place of affection among baseball fans. Shantz was the standout performer of

the 1952 season, when he posted a 24-7 record, won the American League's Most Valuable Player award and struck out the side (Lockman, Robinson, Masiel) in his one-inning stint during that year's All Star game. No less remarkable was his hitting, fielding and base-running; in all three he was considered one of the most capable among big league pitchers. Then, in the last month of the '52 season, he was hit by a fast ball thrown by Washington's Walt Masterson and suffered a broken bone in his left arm. Though the bone healed satisfactorily, Shantz was never the same pitcher. Each time he threw, during '53 and '54, he seemed to tear some tissue or pull another muscle in his arm. Expert observers claimed he was compensating, unconsciously, for the wrist injury and straining his arm by throwing unnaturally. Whatever the reasons, Shantz spent those two years with a pitching arm so sore he could scarcely lift it, taking every treatment doctors recommended, including cortisone shots. "My arm," he said at the time, "feels like a pin-prick from those needles they're giving me. I feel plain lousy all over." Last year he pitched just eight innings, five of them in the opening game,

then sat out the rest of the season.

"When I went to spring training this year," says Shantz, "I figured it was my last chance. I was full of hope, but I was also thinking about the two or three job offers I had. I want to play baseball more than anything else, but if I couldn't I had to think of my family's future. (He's married, has a 19-month-old son.) Spring drills did nothing to bolster Bobby's hopes. He pitched and the sore arm returned, with the pain localized in the deltoid (high shoulder) muscle. As Shantz debated quitting, K. C. Trainer Jim Ewell offered him own "last chance" plan to rehabilitate the arm, and the pitcher accepted. Ewell started with weeks of diathermy, then stretched the arm by manipulation to loosen it. A special pullying machine was used on the ailing deltoid to improve its tone. Finally, the trainer applied a liniment of his own concoction to Shantz' body from the waist up, to keep the whole area a few degrees above normal temperature. Results seemed encouraging.

On the big night against the Yankees, the above described routine was closely followed; five minutes before Bobby walked out to the mound, the

continued on next page



"Now remember, Philip, everyone in Oyster Bay will be rooting for you."

treatment ended. Two hours and 22 minutes later, he had completed the sports year's most heart-warming comeback, limiting the New Yorkers to three singles.

"I'm throwing as hard now as I did back in my big year," Shantz says. "My arm doesn't hurt. I'm happy."

To a man, the baseball fraternity hopes this plucky little man stays happy all season.

SLIDE-RULE SPECIALS

IF THE BROOKLYN DODGERS continue winning games at their current rate, they will finish the season with 140 victories, breaking the record of 116 set by Chicago in the National League in 1905.

If they continue producing home runs at their current rate, they will finish the season with 245, breaking the record of 221 set by the Giants in 1947. If attendance at Dodger home games continues at its current rate (averaging less than 15,000 including night games), Brooklyn club officials will not care very much whether the above two statistical forecasts come true.

INTERFERENCE

DAVE KUHN, the big right-handed pitcher for Virginia Tech, was having one of his good days. Breeding into the sixth inning against William and Mary, Dave had a comfortable 4-2 lead and no particular worries on his mind when the W. & M. hitter stepped out of the batter's box and called time. "Hey ump," he said, turning to Umpire Joe Peverall. "I can't hit against this guy. Every time I look for the ball, all I can see is that damned bubble instead." Umpire Peverall decided to have a little talk with Dave and hiked out to the mound. "All right," he warned, "either keep that gum in your mouth or spit it out. Park it or keep it in your mouth, but don't blow any more bubbles."

Not since the Official Rules Committee outlawed Dazzy Vance's flapping sleeve (Div. 8.02, Sec. 4) has a pitcher come up with a more critical ocular distraction for opposing batsmen than Dave Kuhn's bubble gum. Although there is yet no rule to cover the situation, apparently an umpire's authority contains the power to exercise such unconventional assistance. Anyway, Dave did as the umpire told him to, tucking the gum behind a convenient

molar. And just to show he was pitcher enough to get along without it, he fanned three more batters before winning his game 6-4.

FRANKIE ON FRISCH

THE FORDHAM FLASH, Frankie Frisch, has had as exciting a baseball career, both as player and manager, as anybody. But it's doubtful that he ever had as much fun as he's having right now as an elderstatesman of baseball conducting a television interview program after the Giants' home games. Theoretically, Frankie presents a guest star for the purpose of adding a few colorful footnotes to the day's game. But that's just theory, and the guests themselves quickly get the idea that Frankie prefers them as straight men for his own reminiscences.

Among Frankie's recent guests to sit and listen have been Don Mueller (he learned that one season Frankie Frisch struck out only 12 times), Marr Grissom (who heard about the time Frank went to the beach, got a sore arm and was rebuked by John McGraw with: "Did you come to Florida to swim or play ball?"), Monte Irvin (he got a full-blown lecture on hitting), and finally Frank Shellenbach, the Giants' pitching coach, who almost wrecked the program's format by talking up.

"You ask me what qualifications a pitcher should have, Frank," said Shellenbach. "All right, I'll tell you." Frisch looked at him in alarm.

"First," he said, "just let me slip a word in here?"

"A pitcher, Frank," Shellenbach ran on, "should have, No. 1, control."

"True, true," said Frisch, "but if I can just get a word in here!"

"A pitcher," said Shellenbach, ignoring Frankie, "should have that old determination."

"Just a word!" Frisch pleaded. "A word!"

"A pitcher," Shellenbach said slowly, "should have that old desire to go out there and win that ball game."

"Give me a word in here!" Frisch cried.

"Three things," said Shellenbach, looking up and half closing his eyes.

"Three things. Control. Determination. That old desire to get in there and win that ball game. Do you get me, Frankie? Do I make myself clear?"

"Courage!" exploded Frisch. "Courage!"

"What, Frankie?" asked Shellenbach mildly.

"A pitcher should have courage," exclaimed the Flash.

"Oh," said Shellenbach, "certainly. Courage, determination—it's the same thing."

Frisch looked him in the eye.

"It's been nice having you, Frank Shellenbach," he said evenly, "and now a word from our announcer about a truly magnificent glass of beer."

"It's been nice talking to you, Frankie," said Shellenbach, one of the few guest stars who ever has.

SPECTACLE

SLEEPING BEAUTIES

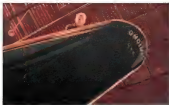
Few sights are more beautiful than the collected curves of an ocean racer's hull, bared for the spring overhaul

After long months under winter cover, sailboats and powerboats in yards all over the country have been rolled out into the warm sun for their yearly overhaul. The boat yards themselves, virtually deserted since October, have suddenly come alive. The narrow spaces between hulls have filled up with the organized clutter of the boating trade.

One of the best known of the boat yards in Nevins (right) on City Island at the western tip of Long Island Sound. There, the cream of the ocean-racing fleet is being readied for the season. And there, during these early weeks of spring, a visitor can get a rare look at the soaring curves of these hulls out of water. For a report on some of the practical economics of boat ownership and maintenance, turn to page 21.

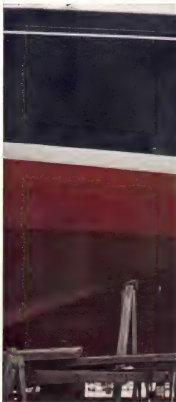
PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT JACQUE





BEAUTIES *continued*

Looking ramets and ineffectual against the sweeping sheer of the ocean racers' hulls, experts at Nevins Yard prepare the sleek beauties for another season. Inside the shed (above), crewman Dan Street goes to work on the deck of S. A. Long's gleaming yawl "Geddes." Outside in the yard, two other queens—De Coursey Faler's proud old staysail schooner "Nika" and A. Howard Fuller's 57-foot sloop "Sestera"—bask their regal chins while a workman puts on another coat of antifouling paint.





CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



The varnished hull and sweeping lines of Carl Nygard's 57-foot yawl *Circe*, Class B winner in the 1954 Bermuda race, give her a feeling of speed even on dry land

BAD TIME FOR BIG RACERS

by EZRA BOWEN

Rising costs of labor and materials for ocean racers have brought a shift in the center of gravity of the boating trade and bred a new kind of yachting gentlemen who prefer power

A BOAT like Carl Hovgard's *Ceres*—left, in or out of the water, is a fine sight. She is everything a lady should be—sleek, graceful, sensitive. To look upon her is to love her; but, as with many desirable ladies, looking is about all that most men can afford.

This is a very sad fact for quite a number of people, including Carl Hovgard. As a man who owns several large companies, he can afford such a boat, all right, but he also owns Nevins Yacht Yard and could use a lot more business from a lot more big ocean racers than the boating economics of today allow. *Ceres* is 57 feet long—not exceptional for a distance racer—and she costs a staggering \$25,000 per year to maintain—also not out of line for a boat of that size. On June 13, Hovgard plans to enter *Ceres* in the Newport-to-Sweden race. It will cost him about \$30,000 to go through with the race.

To have fun on the water it is not, of course, necessary to buy a blue-ribbon racer, or to race at all. But it is extremely necessary to have money to own even a non-racing cruiser—the kind the elite generously refer to as “clankers.” One prospective buyer has in mind a clunker of the 33-foot, \$14,000 variety and asked his boatyard for an upkeep estimate. The answer was \$2,400 per year. He is still sailing a dinghy which he stores, maintains and paints himself, and he ogles large sailing vessels with the same look he gives graceful and expensive blondes.

Some of the reasons behind today's high costs in yacht racing are substantially the same as those in other fields: the climbing prices of construction materials along with the scarcity and high wages of skilled labor. As a result, there has been a shifting of the center of gravity in the boat-building trade and the creation of a new American yachtsman. A great many of the American contracts for big sailboats are now going to Dutch and German yards, where carpenters and shipfitters will work for about 60 cents an hour compared to the \$2.80 the men at Nevins take home. Translated into terms of, say, a 40-foot Rhodes sloop, the delivery price of a foreign-built boat, including transshipment, duty and so forth, is at least \$7,000 below the cost of the same boat built in an American yard.

As business goes abroad, domestic boatyards go out of business. Seattle, a booming center for boat-building, now has only three small yards making sailboats. Around the Boston area only a bare half dozen yards of major size still survive. The same situation is true of Long Island Sound and, substantially, the rest of the country. And the yard owners who have managed to stay afloat have not done so by building big, new sailboats. Their best business comes in the repair season when they get fat cost-plus rates for overhauling and do a brisk trade in new metal fittings.

Quite a few yards have given up building altogether and transformed themselves into something called marinas, where transient yachtsmen can put in for ice, gas, food,



AMATEUR OWNERS DO-IT-THEMSELVES ON A SMALL MOTOR CRUISER

temporary dockage and minor repairs. Finally, among these yards that have stayed in business as proper, boat-building yards, quite a few owe their survival to the Navy, which came along in 1946 with orders for a whole swarm of minesweepers. However, the minesweeper program has just about given out, leaving yard owners holding a large, empty bag.

Eater, then—and not a moment too soon—a new kind of yachtsman, whose basic aim is to be on the water but not in *Ceres*. The new yachtsman, if he tends toward sail, buys small; and when it comes time for repairs he does-it-himself. Along the coast of the Pacific Northwest, for example, there are about 2,800 day-sailors being readied for the season. By contrast, Seattle harbors only 25 ocean racers in the 45-foot-plus category; and were it not for the existence of the large Boeing Aircraft plant with its complement of highly paid executives, there might not be more than five. As one Seattle broker put it, “If it weren't for Boeing, the sailboat business around here would really be peanuts.”

Other, more optimistic brokers and yard owners in the area are going after the peanut business and making a good thing of it. Last February the Lake Washington Yacht Basin began building a 20-foot strip-built mahogany

continued on page 46



KENTUCKY: MAY: SATURDAY

Three Days to the Afternoon

by WILLIAM FAULKNER

THREE DAYS BEFORE

THIS saw Boone: the bluegrass, the virgin land rolling westward wave by dense wave from the Allegheny gaps, rimmed then, booming with deer and buffalo about the salt licks and the limestone springs whose water in time would make the fine bourbon whiskey; and the wild men too—the red men and the white ones too who had taken little wild also to endure and survive and to mark the wilderness with the proofs of their tough survival—Boonesborough, Owenstown, Harrod's and Harbuck's Stations Kentucky; the dark and bloody ground.

And knew Lincoln too, where the old weathered durable rail fences enclose the green and sacrosanct pace of rounded hills long healed now from the plow, and big old trees to shade the site of the ancient one-room cabin in which the babe first saw light; no sound there now but such wind and birds as when the child first faced the road which would lead to fame and martyrdom—unless perhaps you like to think that the man's voice is somewhere there too, speaking

into the scene of his own nativity the simple and matchless prose with which he reminded us of our duties and responsibilities if we wished to continue as a nation.

And knew Stephen Foster and the brick mansion of his song: no longer the dark and bloody ground of memory now, but already my old Kentucky home.

TWO DAYS BEFORE

Even from just paming the stables, you carry with you the smell of liniment and ammonia and straw—the strong quiet aroma of horses. And even before we reach the track we can hear horses—the light hard rapid thud of hooves mounting into crescendo and already fading rapidly on. And now in the gray early light we can see them, in couples and groups: at canter or hand-gallop under the exercise boys. Then one alone, at once furious and solitary, going full out, toward, the rider hunched forward, excrement and precarious, not of the horse but simply (for the instant) with it, in the conventional posture of speed—and who



NORC AND PULITZER PRIZEWINNER WILLIAM FAULKNER MAKES ACQUAINTANCE OF YOUNG FOAL IN BLUEGRASS COUNTRY NEAR LEXINGTON

knows, perhaps the two of them, man and horse both: the animal dreaming, hoping that for that moment at least it looked like Whirlaway or Citation, the boy for that moment at least that he was indistinguishable from Arcaro or Earl Sande, perhaps feeling already across his knees the greatest sweep of the victorious garland.

And we ourselves are on the track now, but carefully and discreetly back against the rail out of the way; now we are no longer a handful clotting in a murmur of furlongs and poles and teeth of a second, but there are a hundred of us now and more still coming, all craning to look in one direction into the mouth of the chute. Then it is as if the gray, overcast, slightly moist post-dawn air itself had spoken above our heads. This time the exercise boy is a Negro, moving his mount at no schooled or calculated gait at all, just moving it rapidly, getting it off the track and out of the way, speaking not to us but to all circumstance: man and beast either within hearing: "Y'and can git out of the way too now; here's the big horse coming."

And now we can all see him as he enters the chute on a lead in the hand of a groom. The groom unsnaps the lead and now the two horses come on down the now empty chute toward the now empty track, out of which the final end of the waiting and the expectation has risen almost like an audible sound, a suspiration, a sigh.

Now he passes us (there are two of them, two horses and two riders, but we see only one), not just the Big Horse of professional race argot because he does look big, bigger

than we know him to be, so that most of the other horses we have watched his morning appear dwarfed by him, with the small, almost gentle, head and the neat small feet and the trim and delicate pasterns which the ancient Arab blood has brought to him, the man who will ride him Saturday (it is Arcaro himself) hunched like a fly or a cricket on the big withers. He is not even walking. He is strolling. Because he is looking around. Not at us. He has seen people; the sycophant adulant human rear has faded behind his drumming feet too many times for us to hold his attention. And not at track either because he has seen track before and it usually looks like this one does from this point (just entering the backstretch): empty. He is simply looking at this track, which is new to him, as the steeplechase rider walks on foot the new course which he will later ride.

He—they—go on, still walking, vanishing at last behind the bulk of the tote board on the other side on the infield; now the glasses are raised and the stop watches appear, but nothing more until a voice says: "They took him in to let him look at the paddock." So we breathe again for a moment.

Because we have outposts now: a scattering of people in the stands themselves who can see the gate, to warn us in time. And do, though when we see him, because of the bulk of the tote board, he is already in full stride, appearing to skim along just above the top rail like a tremendous brown hawk in the flattened bottom of his scoop, into the

continued on next page

WILLIAM FAULKNER

continued from page 23

clubhouse turn still driving; then something seems to happen; not a falter nor check though it is only afterward that we realize that he has seen the gate back into the chute and for an instant thought, not "Does Aramis want us to go back in there?" but "Do I want to turn off here?" deciding in the next second (one of them: horse or man) no, and now driving again, down to us and past us as if of his own intention he would make up the second or two or three which his own indecision had cost him, a flow, rush, the motion at once long and deliberate and a little ungainly; a drive and power; something a little rawboned, not graceful so much as too busy to bother with grace, like the motion of a big working hunter, once again appearing to skim along just above the top rail like the big diminishing hawk, inflexible and undeviable, voracious not for meat but for speed and distance.

ONE DAY BEFORE

Old Abe's weathered and paintless rails are now the white panels of millionaires running in ruler-straight lines across the green and gentle swell of the Kentucky hills; among the ordered and parklike groove the mares with recorded lineages longer than most humane knee or bother with stand with fable more valuable head for economic head than sham childhood. It rained last night; the gray air is still moist and filled with a kind of lamination, lam-bence, as if each droplet held in airy suspension still its molecule of light, so that the statue which dominated the scene at all times anyway now seems to hold dominion over the air itself like a dim sun, until, looming and gigantic over us, it looks like gold—the golden effigy of the golden horse, "Big Red" to the Negro groom who loved him and did not outlive him very long, Big Red's effigy of course, looking out with the calm pride of the old manly warrior kings, over the land where his get still gambol as infants, until the Saturday afternoon moment when they too will wear the mat of roses in the flush and glare of magnificence; not just his own effigy, but symbol too of all the long recorded line from Aristides through the Whirlwinds and Count Fleets and Gallant Foxes and Chianenecephany and apotheosis of the horse.

THE DAY

Since daylight now we have moved, converged, toward, through the Gre-

gian-Colonial sprawl of the entrance, the throne's anteroom, to hear our own acolytes' office in that ceremonial.

Once the horse moved man's physical body and his household goods and his articles of commerce from one place to another. Nowadays all it moves is a part or the whole of his bank account, either through betting on it or trying to keep owning and feeding it.

So, in a way, unlike the other animals which he has domesticated—cows and sheep and hogs and chickens and dogs—I don't include cats; man has never tamed cats!—the horse is economically obsolete. Yet it still endures and probably will continue to as long as man himself does, long after the cows and sheep and hogs and chickens, and the dogs which control and protect them, are extinct. Because the other beasts and their guardians merely supply man with food, and someday science will feed him by means of synthetic gases and so eliminate the economic need which they fill. While what the horse supplies to man is something deep and profound in his emotional nature and need.

It will endure and survive until man's own nature changes. Because you can almost count on your thumbs the types and classes of human beings in whose lives and memories and experience and glandular discharge the horse has no place. These will be the ones who don't like to bet on anything which involves the element of chance or skill or the unforeseen. They will be the ones who don't like to watch something in motion, either big or going fast, no matter what it is. They will be the ones who don't like to watch something alive and bigger and stronger than man, under the control of puny man's will, doing something which man himself is too weak or too inferior in sight or hearing or speed to do.

These will have to exclude even the ones who don't like horses—the ones who would not touch a horse or go near it, who have never mounted one nor ever intend to; who can and do and will risk and lose their shirts on a horse they have never seen.

So some people can bet on a horse without ever seeing one outside a Central Park fence or a peddler's van. And perhaps nobody can watch horses running forever, with a mutual window convenient, without making a bet. But it is possible that some people can and do this.

So it is not just betting, the chance to prove with money your bark or what
continued on page 26



WITH WILLIE SHEEHANER UP, SWAPS DRIVES

'AND

I n the early California dawn just one month ago a golden chestnut 3-year-old colt with the unglamorous name of Swaps showed up for a workout at Hollywood Park. Trainers and clockers knew the colt well. In mid-February they had watched him win the Santa Anita Derby (31, Feb. 28). They knew his owner-trainer combination of Rex Ellsworth and Menahem Teemey as a methodical team of hard-working, practicing Mormons who had gone into thoroughbred racing on a strictly business basis—and a business conducted in deadly seriousness around the California race tracks and on Ellsworth's two ranches, where the uniform of the day is a pair of blue Levi's, checked shirts and cowboy boots and hats. The little band of professionals at Hollywood Park remembered, too, what Ellsworth had said after Swaps's Santa Anita Derby victory. Even as some banner headlines were proclaiming to Los Angeles readers:



TO THE FINISH LINE, BURNING AWAY FROM NASHUA IN A FURIOUS CLIMAX TO A ROLL WHICH GAVE CALIFORNIA SECOND DERBY VICTORY

SWOOSH WENT SWAPS'

by WHITNEY TOWER

"Next stop—Kentucky," Ellsworth replied with caution. "We wouldn't want to let down the class of California racing by entering a possible also-ran."

Swaps, too, had to show he deserved the trip. When he finished his one-mile workout at Hollywood Park, he had earned his ticket. The slowest time any of the clackers had caught him was a brilliant 1:38 1/5. One watch showed a dazzling 1:35 4/5. A trainer turned to a companion and said aloud what Ellsworth and Tenney must have been thinking: "I don't know much about Summer Tan and Nashua except what I have read, but the way this colt is training it looks like they have him to beat." By the time this remark reached the backstretch at Belmont Park and Aqueduct it was taken with pretty much the usual aloofness which awaits most beautiful comments that annually float eastward across the Rockies when Kentucky Derby time approaches. The Easterners were to see Nashua and

Summer Tan in the Wood Memorial. That would be enough. As far as they were concerned, Swaps—and any other horses, for that matter—could come to Louisville if he wanted to. But others would be shooting for show money. The ownership of the big purse was, purely and simply, going to be settled in another personal duel between Nashua and Summer Tan. And besides, there it was in the record book—a jinx in print for all to see: California-bred horses just can't win the Kentucky Derby. One did in 1923. Others have tried valiantly since. All failed.

THE ARIZONA PHILOSOPHY

And so the rivals—10 in all—descended on the rambling acreage of Churchill Downs. Nashua and Summer Tan came in style to be greeted by hordes of newspapermen who recorded their every move, hour by hour, day by day. They were ushered into the same barn, stared out at one another with ex-

pressionless faces and graciously took turns holding court for an audience whose numbers ran well into the thousands. Ellsworth and Tenney, following the very nature of men who have lived hard but simple lives, took their invasion of Louisville with a typically different approach. True, the air age had reduced the impracticalities of long-distance traveling for race horses. But why hurry? Why take chances? Into a railroad car went Swaps with his handlers and Tenney. Upon debarkation, Swaps drew the usual Derby notice for a day or so. But not many people went out of their way to examine him closely when the real stars were in the next barn. Those who took the trouble to investigate the goings-on in Barn 10, however, discovered much to intrigue them. Tenney pitched in to work on his California horse like an inspired man. His approach to training is what he calls the Arizona method—or, as he

continued on page 26

WILLIAM FAULKNER

continued from page 24

you call your judgment, that damn people to horse races. It is much deeper than that. It is a sublimation, a transference: man, with his admiration for speed and strength, physical power far beyond what he himself is capable of, projects his own desire for physical supremacy, victory, onto the agent—the baseball or football team, the prize fighter. Only the horse race is more universal because the brutality of the prize fight is absent, as well as the attenuation of football or baseball—the long time needed for the organs of victory to occur, where in the horse race it is a matter of minutes, never over two or three, repeated six or eight or 10 times in one afternoon.

4:29 P.M.

And this too: the song, the brick mansion, marched to the apothecode: Stephen Foster as handmaiden to the Horse as the hand announces that it is now about to be the one 30 minutes past 4 o'clock out of all possible 4 o'clocks on one Saturday afternoon out of all possible Saturday afternoons. The beaver chords swell and lower and fade above the packed infield and the stands as the 10 horses parade to post—the 10 animals which for the next two minutes will not just symbolize but bear the burden and be the justification, not just of their individual own three years of life, but of the generations of selection and breeding and training and care which brought them to this one triumphant two minutes where one will be supreme and nine will be supreme failures—brought to this moment which will be supreme for him, the apex of his life which, even counted in hours, is only 21 years old, the beginning of manhood. Such is the price he will pay for the supremacy: such is the gamble he will take. But what human being would refuse that much loss, for that much gain, at 21?

Only a little over two minutes: one simultaneous metallic clash as the game begins. Though you do not really know what it was you heard: whether it was that metallic crash, or the simultaneous thunder of the hooves in that first leap or the muted voices, the gasp, the exhalation—whatever it was, the clump of horses indistinguishable yet, like a brown wave dotted with the bright silks of the riders like chips flowing toward us along the rail until, approaching, we can begin to distinguish individuals, streaming past us now as

individual horses—horses which (including the rider) once stood about eight feet tall and 10 feet long, now look like arrows twice that length and less than half that thickness, shooting past and branching again as perspective diminishes, then becoming individual horses once more around the turn into the backstretch, streaming on, to bunch for the last time into the home stretch itself, then again individuals, individual horses, the individual horse, the Horse: 2:01 & 5 minutes.

And now he stands beneath the race encampment above the dash and glare of the magnesium and the whirling film of celluloid immortality. This is the moment, the peak, the pinnacle: after this, all is ebb. We who watched have seen too much; expectation, the glacial pressure, have been too high to long endure; it is evening, not only of the day but the emotional capacity too; Boots and Saddles will sound twice more and condensations of light and movement will go through the motions of horses and jockeys again. But they will run as though in dream, toward anillomax; we must turn away now for a little time, even if only to assimilate, get used to living with, what we have seen and experienced. Though we have not yet escaped that moment. Indeed, this may be the way we will assimilate and endure it: the voices, the talk, at the airports and stations from which we scatter back to where our old lives wait for us, in the aircraft and trains and buses carrying us back toward the old comfortable familiar routine like the old comfortable hat or coat; porter, bus driver, pretty stenographer who has saved for a year, scented Christmas probably, to be able to say "I saw the Derby," the sports editor who, having spent a week talking and eating and drinking horse and who now wants only to get home and have a double nightcap and go to bed, all talking, all with opinions, valid and enduring:

"That was an accident. Wait until next time."

"What next time? What horse will they use?"

"If I had been riding him, I would have rode him different."

"No, no, he was ridden just right. It was that little shower of rain made the track fast like California."

"Or maybe the rain scared him, since it don't rain in L.A.? Maybe when he felt wet on his feet he thought he was going to sink and he was just jumping for dry land, huh?"

And so on. So it is not the Day after all. It is only the 8th one. (END)

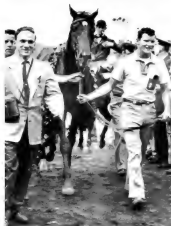
'SWOOSH WENT SWAPS'

continued from page 24

explained it to one reporter: "You have heard a lot about our training methods as not pampering our horses. I say just the opposite; we don't annoy them. I do not believe the horse likes to do the work required of him by man but would rather be in his natural state, eating a lot and leading his own life. Therefore the training of a horse to conform to man's ways should approximate the nature of the horse as much as possible. A horse is treated as a horse, with affection, to be sure, but without what Aristocrats consider a lot of nonsense added." Tenney saw to it that Swaps was free from annoyance at Louisville. At night, instead of packing off to a hotel, he'd doff his sombrero and spread his bedroll in Swaps's stall—sleeping with one eye open.

A week before the Derby, Swaps was ready for his first race since Santa Anita. Tenney carefully equipped him with a specially improvised shoe, made of leather, to cover the bottom of one slightly injured foot and sent him out under Jockey Willie Shoemaker for a six-furlong fresher. He won by more than eight lengths in the blazing time of 1:10 1/5. Three days later Willie the Shoe, this time out on another California horse—Jean's Jee—was beaten by a nose in the Derby Trial by Conn McCreary on Flying Pave. Bark in the showers Willie gave McCreary some advance warning: "You'll never beat my Derby horse."

On Derby Day, Swaps was led slowly to the paddock, but even his good manners did not prevent him from stealing a quick, hopeful glance at the winners' circle, where two attendants were unpacking a wreath of roses. Into the betting machines the crowd of some 100,000 poured a record \$1,677,178. As expected, the matinee made Nashua the favorite, although not odds-on. Eddie Arcaro, ready again to ride Nashua following a suspension, looked over the field and said, "I don't see how they could make any horse odds-on in this race. There's too many good ones. I don't think we'll have as much trouble from Sumner Tan as from Swaps. He's the horse to beat." Many of the crowd agreed, and by post time the chestnut from California was second choice. As the select 10 went through their parade to the starting gate the sky grew gray and dark. A series of violent thunderclaps set the audience to gazing skyward—only to be greeted by the sight of jagged streaks of lightning and the dampness of the day's first rain. Nashua



WINNER SWAPS LED IMPULSIVELY AWAY AFTER BECKING REEDS



SMILING 10-YEAR-OLD SHOEMAKER IS DRAGGED BY POST-BERRY EXERT

and a few others reacted with a slight nervous tug. Swaps walked along calmly.

From the start—or after the field had started on the long first run to the stands—Swaps took command. "He's going to try and steal the race. Kill 'em off in the first mile," said an expert.

"My man, I told you," asserted another as Swaps led the way into the clubhouse turn, "but Arraro'll never let him get away with it. Look at Nashed's coming. That's a real one. It's more when Eddie gives the word."

THE CHAMPION FALTERS

It was a race between a champion and a challenger. Swaps, showing the way, Nashed and Summer Tan within striking distance. "There he goes," went the roar as Arraro went to the whip at the five-sixteenth pole. Nashed responded like a tiger. In one bound he strode to the lead, overhauling Swaps. Eric Guerin tried the same move with Summer Tan but, as he later said, "When I tried to move with Nashed my horse just died." So, rounding into the stretch the real duel began—the duel between the champion from New York and the invader from California. For a moment as Swaps turned for home he stied

slightly at the nearby gate ("like he was set to prop," said Shoemaker), but Willie hit him a couple of times and he straightened out. Nashed was still reaching up, coming in from the side towards the sea of noise made by people who knew—and had seen—what a champion ran do when he has to. For one moment, Nashed, the "An American man even, nearly head and head. Willie went to the whip five or six times and Swaps pulled away. Arraro, too, was in the race, but he was not in the lead.

The wire was coming up on them. Nashed must move now. Now or never. But this day, this gray, dusk and twilight moment, Nashed did not want to run or could not run faster. Swaps kept going steadily and easily. He ran under the wire a length and a half to the good of Nashed after covering a mile and a quarter in 2:01.4—only two-fifths of a second away from the great Whirlaway's record. Nashed had proved one point: he was clearly a better race horse than Summer Tan (who finished six and a half lengths back in third place). But Swaps (who earned \$100,000, 10¢, of which is slated for the Mormon Church) had proved several points: California-bred horses are ready to

make a serious run at the supremacy enjoyed by the proud state of Kentucky—and one of them, Swaps, may be the best 3-year-old in the land this year. Trying to prove this superiority may be somewhat difficult for the Ellsworth-Tenney team, however, for Swaps, nominated for neither the Kentucky nor the Belmont, is probably going to its nest of his 1955 campaigning back on home California soil.

Long after Swaps and Nashed had returned to their stables, Shoemaker and Arraro were still talking about their race. Arraro struck his hands together in a gleaming clap. "And now, now, now!" he said. "Look Willie after his first Derby win: 'This horse gets better every time he runs.' Arraro greeted Nashed's owner, William Woodward, with a smile and said, "Hey, boss, what are we going to do with this horse?"

Woodward looked down at his rider and said, "We had no choice, Eddie. I think he was beaten by a better horse today."

Arraro: "Yep, Swaps was better today."

Woodward: "But I want to get another shot at that colt."

Arraro: "Me too."

END

GOLF WITH MISS ROMACK

EASILY the mightiest figure in U.S. women's amateur golf, and probably the most attractive since the Bauer sisters turned pro, *life-insurance saleswoman* Barbara Romack, 22, this week will attempt to add the British amateur championship to the U.S. and Canadian titles which she has already captured.

A fine schoolgirl athlete (particularly baseball), Barbara has been playing competitive golf for eight years. She won the first tournament she entered: the Byron Nelson Tournament for boys at Haggis Oaks in her home town of Sacramento. Thirty-seven eager boys and taffy-haired, freckled-faced Barbara turned up on qualifying day for that tournament and since officials could find nothing specific in the rule book against girls, they let her play. A pleasant youngster with a fierce competitive spirit, Barbara earned her nickname "Little Tiger" during this tournament.

Today she drives an average of 225 yards, chips beautifully, has learned to control and compensate for a natural tendency to hook and is a wizard in the traps. Despite her triumphs, Barbara's pro, Tom Lo Presti, warns, "She's two years away from her best playing day."

BARBARA ROMACK exuberantly twirls club after final practice round at Haggis Oaks Golf Course in Sacramento before leaving for British amateur tournament.



BASEBALL WITH MUSIC

EASILY THE prettiest baseball comic since Nick Atrock is Gwen Verdon, a dancer, who also has more sex appeal than Al Schacht. A lady who revived anavistic desires for the Garden of Eden in Cole Porter's *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*, Miss Verdon now is playing *Lola*, an attractive fend, in *Down to Earth*. This is a musical comedy which tells how with the aid of Satan himself, and they need him, the Washington Senators beat out the Yankees in a tight pennant race. The plot is clearly a fantasy, therefore, but almost as fantastic is the fact that in all the years since baseball has called itself the national pastime no one up to now has thought to build a musical around it. Miss Verdon adds quite a bit to the structure. She can't hit or field but there is something about her which would catch the eye of any wandering scout. She has, for instance, the *jeu de vivre* of Willie Mays and, over and beyond that, she looks good in tight red pants. One of her biggest scenes is a trip she makes to the Senators' locker room for purposes of seduction. This scene alone is reported to have had a lasting effect on the Class of Yale '67 during the musical's tryout in New Haven.

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GWEN VERDON'S approach to the feeling of a ball bat, in any case, is insurance, and otherwise nothing. By the time she leads, at least one run will have scored.





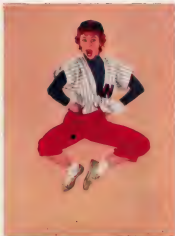
LOLA MAKES ONE-HAND STAR LOOK EASY



WIND-UP HIDES BALL AND DAZZLES BATTER



AT BAT, LOLA'S STANCE STUNS PITCHER



LOLA USES V-FORMATION TO TELL UMPIRE



ONE DAY OLD

Had this filly been a colt, Alfred Vanderbilt might have had another Native Dancer. Like the Dancer, this mareborn foal was sired by Polytechnic, and her dam is Goldie. Thus she is a full sister of the great Gray Ghost and, rare as she is, the third disappointment in a row in the Vanderbilt stable's attempt to get a full brother to the Dancer.

BOXING WITH GLOVES OFF

BOXING's big news last week almost certainly would have been the inquiry begun by Chairman Julius Holland of the New York boxing commission had it not been for two other developments.

In Philadelphia, Harold Johnson, a light heavyweight of promise, was 4 to 1 to trounce Julio Medera. Instead, Johnson staggered drowsily through two rounds, collapsed on his stool and was declared to have lost on a TKO when he could not come up for the third round. Dr. Alfred Atella Jr., ringside physician, guessed: "Apparently some

kind of drug was used on Johnson." It was certainly one of the depest fights ever seen, even in Philadelphia.

Shortly before the fight an unknown adviser gave Johnson an orange "for luck." The orange tasted bitter but Johnson took several bites. First suspicion was that the orange had been drugged. But the Associated Press reported another explanation. Quite deadpan, the AP quoted a "well-posted source" as saying Johnson "might have become dizzy" from nose drops.

Cocaine, sometimes used in nose drops, would have made Johnson as

active as a race horse doped to win. Instead, he moved sluggishly, as in a dream. Chloral hydrate, long used as knockout drops in liquor, would have eased Johnson's symptoms but, according to a medical authority, would have tasted so bad in an orange that he could hardly have eaten it.

The other event was Eddie Coco's surrender to begin a life sentence for the meaningless murder of a Miami Beach Negro car washer. Once manager of Rocky Graziano and long a friend of Jim Norris, Coco had fought four years to stay out of prison. His



RECURRENT HOODLUM Eddie Coco, awaiting in Dutch County jail, awaits transfer to Rutherford, N.J., state prison, to begin his life sentence for the murder of a Negro car washer in

Miami Beach. A former manager of Rocky Graziano, a friend of Jim Norris, III's boss, who once gave Graham excellent shut-out references, Coco had powerful friends and made money, some

lawyers still battled for him. They would appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States, they said.

Helfand's inquiry centered around the fact that, as the International Boxing Club dominates boxing promotion in most of the U.S., the International Boxing Guild controls the leading boxers. A managers' "union" of sorts, the Guild is so powerful that the manager of an up-and-coming fighter who wants to make money in New York had better begin by doing business with an IBC manager. If he does, the doors to Madison Square Garden and St. Nicholas Arena are opened magically to him. Profitable TV appearances are assured. The IBC welcomes IBC boxers.

By the same token, it appeared from testimony at the Helfand hearing, the IBC can prevent a boxer from working

at his trade. Vince Martinez, third-ranked welterweight, had been able to get but two fights since last July, when he temerarily asked his manager, Bill Daly, to account for \$3,000 expense money. Daly, haughtily enraged, stomped out of the Martinez kitchen. Since then Vince has been in trouble.

As Daly left the Martinez home, Tex Peltz of the IBC was heard to say: "Don't worry about it, Bill. We'll ground the kid."

The kid was grounded. It took the boxing commission to force Daly to sign, as Vince's still-legal manager, for his next fight. But trainers and sparring partners refused to work for Martinez. "I got a wife and two kids and don't want any trouble," Trainer Johnny Sullo explained. "I can't train Vince." He had been

told, he said, to "lay off the kid."

Billy Brown, IBC matchmaker in New York, suggested that if Vince would sign an exclusive contract with the IBC his troubles would be over. Vince signed but Jim Norris, a good friend of Daly, never did sign, and Vince has been idle since December. Fights for the benefit of the Norfolk (Va.) March of Dimes and the Paterson (N.J.) National Guard were suddenly taken from him. Boxers who agreed to fight Martinez were told that they too would be grounded. Managers looked the other way when the subject of a Martinez fight was brought up.

The inquiry, Helfand said, will continue until the question of boxer "control" is settled. Norris and Daly will be called to testify.



of it derived from running floating crap games. A first conviction was set aside because of error, a second was hampered by disappearing evidence, but Case finally was done.

RECURRENT BOXER Harold Johnson, leaving a Philadelphia ring on a stretcher, collapsed between rounds and revealed anomalous. Doctors assumed he had been drugged, perhaps by a "bitter" orange.

SUBURBIA'S DREAMBOAT COMES OF AGE



From back yard to backwoods the versatile station wagon hauls just about anything to become a firm favorite among American cars

by JOHN BENTLEY

DRAWINGS BY WIDE WAVE

THERE ARE few things these days, particularly in the taxing world of the sportsman, that a station wagon cannot accomplish efficiently and with dispatch. So far, none have been known to take to the air in order to cross the wilderness barring access to that fabulous trout stream or that paradise of game just over the next mountain, but the four-leafed—or four-wheel-drive—version of this ubiquitous vehicle can very likely traverse that wilderness on the ground. Furthermore, it can do so with a boat on the roof, an outboard motor tucked away inside, along with food, guns, tackle, sleeping bags, tents, stove, pots, pans, mess kits, gasoline cans, medicine chest and needle and thread, and still leave room for its passengers to travel with such speed and comfort as the trackless wilds allow.

For the less ambitious outdoorsman, too, the station wagon has become almost as indispensable as the old pair of pants he puts on for weekend work around the house. By the end of this year, America's 42 million families will have bought over 400,000 new models of this versatile vehicle, one to every 16 passenger cars sold, for reasons ranging from pure utility to snob appeal. But it is mainly the combina-

tion of these two that has caused the phenomenal boom in station wagons since the war, for while this type of car so ably serves every imaginable form of business and social activity in the increasingly popular suburban way of life, it retains the sporting dash that inspired its beginnings. And to satisfy these varied claims upon its services, the auto industry is turning out in growing numbers a closely competitive and almost bewildering array of models catering to the business, utility, social and sports fields.

Prices begin at \$2,094 for the two-door, six-cylinder, 122-hp. Chevrolet Handyman and soar to \$4,800 for the four-door, V8, 250-hp Chrysler New Yorker Deluxe Town & Country Wagon, loaded with every conceivable automatic and push-button extra. Typifying the range in between are the Ford Ranch Wagon, ideally suited to business and commercial needs; the heavy-duty, four-wheel-drive Willys as a Jeep chassis, sure-footed as a mountain goat for general utility and rough cross-country going; the Nash Rambler, with seats that fold down into a bed; the Pontiac Safari and the Chevrolet Nomad, both of which feature sweeping expanses of curved glass in the best tradition of a salarion. For

hauling extra-heavy loads while still retaining the other benefits of the station wagon, half-ton pickup chassis are offered by GMC, Ford, International, Chevrolet and others, equipped with bodywork that meets the generic term, carryall.

All this is a far cry from the station wagon's earliest beginnings. Back in the 1880s, when gentlemen waxed their handlebar mustaches, ladies flourished around in bustles and the free Studebaker brothers sold \$1,000,000 worth of carriages, the station wagon was a one-horse affair of limited use, doubtful comfort and modest speed. No one had yet spoken the magic word "automobile" and the horse-drawn depot wagon, as it was then called, was a high-built vehicle, with large, spidery wheels, four seats and a canopy. A table of trimming materials for a typical depot wagon of 1881 lists 36 items, including 2½ yards of body cloth, four dozen knobs, six side lights, two apron straps, two pounds of curled hair, five dozen buttons and one gross of nails. The back seat of the depot wagon was removable so that freight could be carried. It was ideal for meeting trains or carrying guns, picnic baskets and the manifold accessories and comforts of a daylong shoot.



WHITE STEAM DEPOT WAGON, 1900



FORD MODEL A, 1919



PLYMOUTH SUBURBAN, 1935

At the turn of the century the horseless estate wagon was a natural corollary to the horseless carriage, but in those days manufacturers of gasoline autos lacked sufficient faith in the dependability of their products to market such a vehicle. For the most part, owners bought a stripped chassis and installed a box or platform on it. Comfort, seating capacity and luggage space were up to individual factors. Considering the internal-combustion engines then available—noisy, evil-smelling power units that required constant attention—the reliability of the horseless station wagon was about inversely proportional to the load carried. Only two manufacturers had courage enough to build *serious* station wagons and offer them as such, albeit in limited numbers. They were White and Stanley, both of whom made steam cars.

However, the individual type of early station wagon gathered impressive headway under the imaginative guidance of wealthy private owners. Probably the most lavish example of this kind had a body built to order by J. R. McLaurens of the Cadillac Custom Body Department and installed on a 1922 Type 61 Cadillac V8 chassis. The customer indicated that no expense was to be spared and ash slants were used, backed by solid mahogany panels. Upholstery was in pebble-grain leather; roof and curtains were of high-grade canvas; middle and rear seats could

be removed to make room for baggage.

This job was at once the zenith and the nadir of the true individual station wagon, for that year the Star Motor Co. (a Durant subsidiary) got the jump on the industry with the first low-priced, mass-produced station wagon. The Star featured a mahogany body trimmed with ash, seating six. Two of the seats were removable. The chassis was a regular passenger job with a four-cylinder, 130-cu. in. engine. Price, complete with starter and demountable rims, was \$410. There is no record of sales, other than that they were "brisk." The great exodus of the American city dweller to suburban areas had not yet begun; no one dreamed of the hundred uses to which the station wagon would later be put. It was still the rich man's toy.

A CAUTIOUS NIBBLE

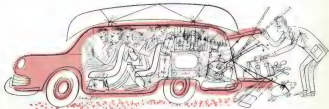
Ford, ever alert, in 1923 offered optional station wagon bodies by York, Hoover and Mifflinburg on the Model T chassis, but did not market a complete job until 1928 when the Model A replaced the Tin Lizzie. That year sales amounted to one unit against a total of 818,731 passenger cars. Only a year later, however, Ford drew 4,418 station wagon customers and a new form of transportation had gained public acceptance.

During the following decade the industry nibbled cautiously at the station wagon market, while Ford built

up a dominant position. Hudson, for instance, produced an experimental Depot Car, circa 1930, on its six-cylinder chassis, but for some reason held off manufacture of what was a handsome wooden four-door job. Six years later Chevrolet came out with the first all-steel station wagon, called a Carryall Suburban, with the six-cylinder, 72-hp, 122-in. wheelbase chassis of the half-ton truck. It seated eight and sold for only \$835. But in 1939, although both Plymouth and Dodge had already been out a year with composite wood-and-steel Suburban station wagons, Ford still accounted for about half the total production.

By 1941, when the war started, Ford still led with 15,892 units against a total industry output of 30,961 station wagons. Plymouth ran second with 4,099 units, or 34% of that division's passenger car production. Chevrolet's 2,099 customers placed it third; Pontiac came fourth with 1,700 units. Chrysler built its first station wagon that year, a Town and Country model of high-grade finish, shaped like a sedan, with a steel roof but with panels and doors of white ash and contrasting Honduran mahogany. Construction was claimed to be the safest until then achieved in a station wagon body, though Oldsmobile also used a steel roof. Among smaller producers, Buick, Olds, Willys-Overland, Packard, Hudson and the diminutive Crosley

continued on next page





KAISER-WILLYS FOUR-WHEEL DRIVE, 1933



DODGE ROYAL SEDAN, 1933



FORD COUNTRY SQUIRE, 1933

STATION WAGONS

continued from page 25

were all reaching for a slice of the pie.

In the postwar years, when Detroit once more geared its production to consumer needs, station wagons loomed large on the schedules of final manufacturers. In 1946, for the first time, production climbed to over 15% of the passenger car total. The industry built 28,757 units and could have sold many more but for raw material shortages. Ford, still ahead with 12,341 units, even took a flyer—not very successfully—on a wooden-bodied utility type of convertible called the Sportman. Plymouth's order books showed that 5% of all its customers now demanded station wagons. Mercury also comfortably outstripped its GM competition, Olds and Pontiac, with 2,381 units. The latter two, together with Chrysler, entered to swank appeal, while Ford, Chevrolet and Plymouth placed the emphasis on utility.

Actually, there was plenty of room for both. Along with the building boom, the station wagon rush was just getting under way. A year later, while real estate developments mushroomed at a fantastic rate to create whole new suburban areas for the nation's soaring population, station wagon output rocketed by more than 500% to reach 79,766 buyers. Packard entered the field for the first time with a Station Sedan—a four-door job that was the first of its kind. Willys-Overland, aiming at the moderate-income group, found itself with a backlog of 25,000 orders for its all-steel Utility model with a 98-cu. ft. capacity, and hit 33,214 units by the end of 1947. Hudson planned to

re-enter the fray, while Studebaker blue printed its first station wagon, which was to emerge seven years later as the Cosmoque. Buick, straddling the luxury bracket, fell 6,000 orders behind on its classy Estate Wagon, which cost \$2,394 f.o.b. Flint, Mich.

The year 1949 brought another station wagon milestone. Plymouth introduced its Suburban, featuring the first all-metal body on a passenger car chassis, thus overcoming at one stroke the problems of deterioration inherent in the wooden bodies. The idea caught on at once; Dodge, which had quit the station wagon market a decade earlier after only a year, also hit the comeback trail with an all-steel model called the Coronet. Chevrolet, too, became metal-plated but used decks to simulate wood grain. DeSoto, last of the Chrysler group to attack the market, produced for its first station wagon an all-steel Custom Suburban.

METAL BODIES AND BEDS

The metal body was here to stay. It cost an average of \$100 less than its wooden counterpart, saved another \$100 a year in maintenance and had a higher resale value. Yet public opinion was still 99% in favor of wood on the score of appearance. To this day there has been hardly any shift of that opinion—an interesting sidelight on the conveniently sporting appeal of the station wagon. From the outset this was one of the main incentives for the rush to buy and possibly the reason why some very adequate utility vehicles like the DeSoto Suburban and Kaiser Traveler, failed to catch public fancy.

The year 1950 brought changes in the station wagon field. Oldsmobile

quit and Nash came in. The Nash Rambler featured seats convertible into beds, thus giving the peasant owner the added benefits of a perambulating motel. Ford lost the lead to Plymouth in 1951 but regained it the following year with a 26% share of the market. Chevrolet, Nash and Willys ran third, fourth and fifth. Production was 35% over the 1941 level. The 161 possible uses listed by Plymouth for its 1952 Savoy and Suburban models fell far short of reality by the time they were published. America's decentralized population already showed a 35% suburban increase over prewar years and a rise from 3 to 12% in car-owning families. Its imagination was boundless. People began by loading their station wagons with children, dogs, clothing, rifles, boats, outboard motors and camping equipment, but soon ended up toting lawn mowers, cement, iceboxes, furniture, bicycles and ladders around. For this reason, much of the early postwar demand came not only from wealthy suburbanites but also from white-collar workers with large families and from ranchers, farmers, resort hotels, retail merchants, service industry firms, hospitals and industrial concerns.

Typical are the problems of the suburban house owner who contemplates buying a new car. Over weekends he does a lot of work around the house and garden to save on the high cost of home repairs and yard work. He needs something big enough to haul lumber, circular blocks and lumber in from town. At the same time he wants a car that looks good enough for daily use while jauntily proclaiming its purpose. A two-door coupe is out because of poor



STUDEBAKER COSMOQUE, 1949



CHRYSLER TOWN & COUNTRY, 1950



PONTIAC FOUR-DOOR, 1950



BUICK ESTATE WAGON, 1955



NASH RAMBLER CROSS-COUNTRY, 1955



PLYMOUTH SUBURBAN, 1955

accommodability. A four-door sedan might be roomy enough for some men but the upholstery would be ruined if hardware were piled on the back seat. A quarter-ton truck would do fine but he couldn't use it to visit friends. Much less could his wife go shopping in it, fetch the kids from school or take in a movie. So he buys a station wagon.

Ford built its millionth unit in 1943 and last year (together with Mercury) still led the sales race with a combined total of 47% of the market. Chevrolet, tops in the three GM divisions which between them claimed a 25.8% wedge, was second with 20%; Plymouth's 12% held third. The remaining 21% was divided among other makes, including Pontiac and Mercury (4%) and Dodge (3%).

Surveys now indicate clearly how much the all-round utility of the station wagon is exploited. By far the greatest number of owners (41%) use them for combined business and family needs. Of the remainder, 35% are interested only in family requirements and 24% employ their vehicles exclusively on business errands. In the latter category, the versatility of the station wagon defies all challenge. Highest proportion of use (42%) is on sales and service delivery work. Retail store and commercial plant deliveries come next, followed by transportation of bus personnel, commuting and personal business trips and carrying farm produce.

Only 27% of owners carry large objects in the pursuit of these various activities, but their profusion and variety is revealing. Besides carrying furniture and TV sets, station wagons haul garden tools, machinery and plumbing equipment, electrical fixtures, lawnmowers,

display units, luggage, hardware, refrigerators and air-conditioning units, boats, broadcasting equipment, construction tools, cotton bales and material, doors, newspapers, photographic equipment, cash registers, torpedoes, coffins, fish tanks, livestock, flowers, feed sacks, carpets, tires and cornices. Chevrolet even put station wagon cabs on the streets of New York.

Structurally, the station wagon differs from the passenger sedan only in details such as stronger rear springs, bushier shock absorbers and heavy-duty six-ply tires. In every essential it

running economy) the station wagon owes nothing to the sedan. For any given engine size it will run almost as far on a gallon of gas; acceleration and top speed under equivalent load conditions are identical. In riding comfort, too, there is little difference. Many owners claim better cornering and roadability than with the conventional sedan because of the beefed-up suspension and chassis.

This favorable comparison with the family sedan directly influenced the record output of 349,443 station wagons during 1954. But the significant point was that nearly a quarter of sales were clean deals involving no trade-in, meaning that customers either were buying a second car or making a station wagon their only car. In fact, the number of two-car families has tripled during the past five years—a manifestation not too surprising considering that families with incomes of \$5,000 a year and over now account for half of the nation's disposable income.

The great-grandson of the old depot wagon has grown to full stature. Even though from 18 to 20% more expensive than most popular four-door sedans, it accounts for at least 9% of all low-priced car sales. This compares with 7% for the stylish hard-top models that have gained public favor during the past three years. One manufacturer currently lists six different types of station wagons. With the exception of Packard, Olds and Hudson, virtually every auto-builder is now in the act.

By catering to every human need between the cradle and the grave, the station wagon has spanned the full cycle of utility.

(S.N.B.)

STATION WAGON GAINS

Percentage of total passenger car production

YEAR	UNITS	%
1936	6,372	.17
1939	16,974	.39
1943	25,991	.69
1945	32,396	.85
1946	29,586	1.38
1947	79,516	2.23
1948	86,127	2.43
1949	81,632	1.91
1950	131,649	1.97
1951	160,329	3.79
1952	198,571	5.24
1953	261,868	6.38
1954	319,173	6.18

has borrowed to the hilt from the passenger car. Automatic transmissions, power steering and brakes, power-operated window lifts and seats all are available in today's station wagon. So are lush interiors, featuring colorful washable vinyl fabrics for cushions and paneling.

Performance-wise (and this includes



PONTIAC VLAN CHIEF SAFARI, 1955



CHEVROLET NOMAD, 1955



DESOOT FIRESTONE, 1955

Tenzing: Tiger of Everest

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Rejoicing in triumph, Tenzing holds aloft the Union Jack on the expedition's arrival in London while Sir John Hunt and his daughter Sally smile approval. Tenzing's two daughters, Pem Pem and Nina (left), accompanied him to England.



Tenzing: Tiger of Everest

By TENZING NORGAY as told to JAMES RAMSEY ULLMAN

PART IV: In which Tenzing and Hillary descend in triumph; and of how the Sherpa hero finds himself engulfed by nationalistic passions of extremists; and of his journey to England and his meeting with the Queen; and his retirement at last to a new life in which, after many tribulations, he finds happiness

YES, the happiness came. And later other things, too. But those first few days after reaching the top of Everest were the most wonderful of my life.

The weather still held good as we came down the mountain. We were tired, but still sound in body. And our descent was less like mountaineering than a sort of triumphal procession. At each camp there were shouts and Sherpas waiting for us, and at Camp Four, in the Western Cwm, was the whole main part of the expedition. I will never forget how they came hurrying out to meet us, while George Lowe with one hand made the "thumbs up" sign while with the other he pointed his ax at the summit; and from that minute on I think there has never been such excitement in the history of the Himalayas. That night was spent half resting and half celebrating. And right away, as quickly as possible, the news was sent down to Namche Bazar, so that it could be relayed to England in time for the Queen's coronation.

My only thought was to get down off the mountain, and in one day I descended the cwm and the Icefall, all the way to base camp. "Now I am free," I kept thinking. "I have been freed by Everest." And luckily I could not know yet how wrong I was. In another single day, I went 35

miles down the glacier and valleys to Thumi, to see my mother. I told her we had had success, and she was very happy. Staring up into my face, she said to me, "Many times I have told you not to go to this mountain. Now you don't have to go again." All her life she had believed that there was a golden sparrow on the top of Everest, and also a turquoise lion with a golden mane; and when she asked me about them I was sorry to have to disappoint her. But when she asked if I had seen the Roobuk Monastery from the top I was able to say yes—and this pleased her.

When I reached Thyangboche, the expedition was coming back in sections from the mountain, and everything was excitement and confusion. One of the worst problems was to get enough porters for the return trip, for the monsoon rains would soon be beginning, and few people wanted to go. Also there was almost as much complaining as rejoicing that Everest had been climbed, for now they were afraid there would be no more expeditions and no more jobs. And the lamas (who had never encouraged us climbing) were afraid that our success would bring bad luck from the gods. After a little while, though, we got at last some sort of organization and made ready to leave. Colonel Hunt said that he was going ahead of the main

Tenzing: Tiger of Everest

party to make various arrangements, and that one of them would be to take me along to England. This idea had not occurred to me before. If I had thought anything about the future it was only that I would go back to Darjeeling and rest, and later, if I had enough money, build a small new house. I still had no notion at all of what was going to happen to me.

It was not long, though, before I began to see that things were going to be very different from before. Already at Thyangboche there was a wireless for me from Sir Winston Churchill, and from then on the messages were like a flood. Also there was one message I wanted to send myself—to Ang Lahmu, asking her and the girls to meet me in Katmandu—and I spoke to Major Wylie about this, saying I would pay for a special runner. As always, he was kind and helpful; the message was sent at expedition expense. And in the days that followed, as we took the long trail to Katmandu, he was good to me in many ways—giving me sound advice, helping me with strangers and even acting as a sort of secretary for me with all the messages that were coming in. "Now you see what sort of life you have to face," he told me. But this was just the beginning, and I was still to learn my lessons the hard way.

The big troubles started at a place called Dhusalagat, before we reached Katmandu, when a crowd of Nepali came out to meet me and almost tore me away from the rest of the expedition. I have been often asked since if they were Communists, and this I do not honestly know. But I do know that they were nationalists, with very strong ideas,

and what they were interested in was not Everest at all, or how Everest was really climbed—but only politics. They wanted me to say that I was a Nepali, not an Indian. And also that I got to the top ahead of Hillary. I told them I was not concerned with politics or arguments with the British. I begged them to leave me alone. "Up till now," I told them, "nobody cared about my nationality. Why do you care now? Indian—Nepali. What difference does it make?"

But they would not stop. They drove me almost crazy. They put answers in my mouth and made me sign papers that I could not read. And all the time the crowd grew bigger and bigger. I was separated from my companions, pushed and pulled around like some sort of child's toy. "What are they going to do with me?" I wondered. "If I had known it was going to be like this I would have stayed up in Solo Khumbu." When, on June 12th, we walked down the last hills into the Valley of Nepal, they were still pushing and pulling. At Botecha, where the road begins, they put me into a jeep and made me change into Nepali clothes, and by this time I was so exhausted and confused that I let them do as they liked. In every town and village through which we passed there was a big celebration. People crowded around, waving flags and banners. "Tenzing zindabad!" they shouted. "Long live Tenzing!" And in a way it was wonderful to be so warmly greeted. But I confess I would rather have returned simply and quietly, as from every other expedition on which I had ever been.

Three miles outside Katmandu my wife and daughters were waiting for me, and we had warm embraces of happi-



Tenzing: Tiger of Everest

ness and victory. Ang Lhamu put a *khasa*, or sacred scarf, around my neck. Pem Pem and Nima covered my shoulders with garlands, and I told Nima with a smile that I had put her pencil where she had asked me to. Later I learned that, during those past few weeks, things had been almost as confused for them as for me. They had first heard the great news on the morning of June 2nd, a rainy, gloomy day in Darjeeling, from friends who had been listening to the radio, and from that minute on their lives had changed completely. Important officials had come to call on them. There had been all sorts of messages, many plans and counterplans. Pictures of me, they said, were all over the town, and a poet had composed a song with music about me that was soon being sung up and down the streets. It had all been wonderful and exciting for them, but what they had wanted most of all was to hear from me, and the message I had sent telling them to come to Katmandu had never arrived. Ang Lhamu, on her own, had wanted very much to come, but had been afraid I might be angry if she did so unexpectedly. After waiting 11 days she decided to come anyhow. She had neither money nor proper clothes, but my good friend, Rabindranath Mitra, gave her 100 rupees he had made from the sale of my photographs, and later, with the help of Mrs. Henderson, of the Himalayan Club, he raised another 400 rupees toward the expenses. She and the girls had left Darjeeling and flown to Katmandu by way of Patna, arriving four days before me.

So many things happened in Katmandu that it is hard to remember what came first and what afterwards. With most of us still in our dirty old expedition clothes, we were taken to the royal palace and welcomed by King Tribhuvana, who awarded me the *Naya Tava* (Star of Nepal), the highest decoration in the country, and gave two other medals to Hunt and Hillary. As with so many things at this time, the question of honors, and who received what, caused difficulty and misunderstanding. For at about the same time I was given one Nepalese award, and Hunt and Hillary another, lesser one, word came from England that the Queen had given them knighthoods, while I would simply receive the George Medal. The fun that this caused was not only unfortunate, but foolish. Since winning its independence, the government of India, like that of the United States, has permitted its citizens to accept foreign titles, and if anything, it would probably only have embarrassed both myself and my country if the Queen had offered such an honor. For me it was not that at all—no matter. Would a title give me wings? And after I understood the reasons I in no way felt slighted or offended.

Politics—politics: suddenly they were making trouble everywhere. The Nepalese were wonderful to me. They gave me a welcome I could not forget in a hundred lifetimes. But in their effort to make me a hero they went too far; they almost ignored the British, instead of treating them as honored guests; and too many of them said foolish things and tried to twist the true facts for political reasons. There were all sorts of crazy stories around: that I had dragged Hillary to the top of Everest, that he had not got there at all, that I had practically climbed the whole mountain all by myself. And unfortunately there were the fool-

ish statements I had been made to sign, without knowing what I was doing, when I was picked up by that wild crowd outside Katmandu. Finally the whole thing had got too much for Colonel Hunt. He lost his temper and intimated that, far from being a hero, I wasn't even technically a very good climber. And this, of course, was like pouring kerosene on a fire.

Nepalese and Indian journalists kept after me all the time. People with political motives tried to get me to say things against the British, and because I was hurt at what Colonel Hunt had said, I too made a few statements that I later regretted. Luckily, though, there was much more good will than bad will in our hearts. Neither the British nor I wanted to see our great adventure made into something small and mean. So finally we met together in the office of the Prime Minister of Nepal and prepared a statement that we hoped would put an end to all the trouble. One copy was signed by me for Hillary, one by Hillary for me, and this second one, which I still have, reads:

"On May 29th Tenzing Sherpa and I left our high camp on Mount Everest for our attempt on the summit.

"As we climbed upwards to the south summit first one and then the other would take a turn at leading.

"We crossed over the south summit and moved along the summit ridge. We reached the summit almost together.

"We embraced each other, overjoyed at our success; then I took photographs of Tenzing holding aloft the flags of Great Britain, Nepal, the United Nations and India.

(signed) E. P. Hillary."

Everything in the statement is true. Certainly nothing could be truer than that we reached the top *almost* together. And that is how the matter has been left until this time—when, for reasons I have already given, it seems right to me to tell all the details.

WHEN I left Katmandu it was for Calcutta, in the private plane of King Tribhuvana. There was just myself and my family, with my fellow Sherpa, Lhakpa Tshering, who was acting as a sort of secretary to me. The others were going down to India in different ways. At Calcutta we were put up at Government House, and there was more excitement, more receptions, more *shadhab*. Among those who met us there was Mitra, who had come down from Darjeeling and from now on was to be of great help to me; and one of the first things I did was to give him Raymond Lambert's red scarf and ask him to send it to Switzerland. Also while in Calcutta I told my story to the United Press, with whom I had now signed a contract. For a few days, at this time, it looked as if I would not be going to England after all, because I had decided it would not be right to go without Ang Lhamu and the girls, and the expedition had no money to take them. Meanwhile the London *Daily Express* offered me a big

Tenzing: Tiger of Everest

tour, with all expenses paid; but after thinking it over I refused, because I was afraid it would have some sort of political significance, and after my experience in Nepal this was the one thing, more than anything else, that I wanted to keep away from. Instead, I went from Calcutta to New Delhi, where the rest of the expedition was gathered, still hoping that something could be worked out.

In Delhi it was the same as in Katmandu and Calcutta. Only more so than ever. At the airport, when we arrived, there was a great welcome, with the biggest crowds I had

London. There had already, he thought, been too much trouble and argument about the climb; Everest was better without politics; and he hoped everything possible would be done to heal any wounds that had been caused. With this I agreed with all my heart. And then, to make everything wonderful, he said it would be arranged that my wife and daughters could go to London with me. We flew in a BOAC plane, and most of the English expedition members were also aboard; and our first stop was Karachi, where we stopped for an hour while another great crowd came out to see us. Then we went on to Bahrain, Cairo and Rome, and I was at last seeing the world beyond India and Pakistan that I had dreamed of so often in the past.

In Rome we were welcomed by the Indian and British Ambassadors, and then, because of engine trouble with the plane, we spent the night there. The next morning, when we boarded the plane again, Colonel Hunt looked upset about something, and soon I found out what it was. The newspapers had just published the first part of my story, which I had given to the United Press, and in it I had told something of the difficulties that had arisen during the expedition between the British and the Sherpas. As we flew north he came over and spoke to me, and we talked frankly about the things that had happened. I told him how hurt I had been at his statement to the press that I was not an experienced climber, and he in turn explained the problems he had had to face. Major Wylie had already spoken to me of these matters. He had pointed out how important it was that there be no ill will because of them, and I had agreed with him. And this I now said to Colonel Hunt. There had been certain difficulties during the expedition and afterwards. There was no use denying it, and I had simply told the story from my own point of view, as honestly as I could. But this did not mean that I bore any grudge, or that I was trying to make an issue of these difficulties, as certain others had done for political purposes. Our talk was candid and friendly, and I think we both felt better for having had it.

After Rome, our next stop was Zurich. Though we stayed there only a short while, it was a wonderful time for me, for many of my old Swiss friends were at the airport to meet me. Best of all, Lambert was there, with a big embrace and a welcoming "ca va bien," and I told him about the final climb with Hillary and how I had been thinking of him when I stood on the summit. Then we flew on to London. Just before we landed Colonel Hunt asked if it was all right with me if he came out of the plane first, carrying a Union Jack attached to an ice ax; and I said, "Of course it is all right." So that was the way it was, and soon all of us were out on the landing strip and in the middle of another great reception.

In London my family and I stayed at the Indian Services Club, and we were wonderfully looked after by the Indian Ambassador, Mr. B. G. Kher. Right after we arrived the other expedition members scattered all over England to visit their homes and families, so that I was almost the only one left in the city; but I was certainly not at a loss for things to do. Just meeting people and shaking hands seemed to take up most of the time, and in between there were



seen in my life. Then we were driven to the Nepalese Embassy, where we were to stay, and that same evening there was a reception given by Pandit Nehru. This was a great moment for me, and it came up, in every way, to what I had hoped and dreamed it might be. For, from the very first, Pandit* was like a father to me. He was warm and kind, and, unlike so many others, was not thinking of what use he could make of me, but only of how he could help me and make me happy. The day after the reception he invited me to his office, and there he strongly advised me to go to

* A term of respect often applied to Nehru by Indians. — J.R.A.

Tenzing: Tiger of Everest

newspaper interviews and posing for pictures and touring London and all kinds of public appearances. The English people were tremendously kind and considerate. Their welcome to me, a stranger from a far country, was every bit as warm as that to their own climbers, and I could not help comparing this to the rather indifferent reception the British had had from the crowds in Nepal. I went to so many places I could hardly keep track of them. I spoke on the radio. I appeared on television, before I had ever seen a set. And the interviews went on and on. Finally there were so many of them, and I had been asked so often, over and over, how I had felt on the summit of Everest, that I began to get dizzy from it. "Look, I have a suggestion," I finally said to the newspapermen. "The next time, you climb Everest and let me be the reporter. When you come down I'll ask you one thousand and one times how you felt on top, and then you'll know how I felt—and how I'm feeling now."

We spent 16 days in London, and they went by as if we were in a dream. The only bad thing that happened was that Pern Pern took sick soon after we arrived and had to spend most of the time in a hospital. But Ang Lhamu, Nima and I got all around: to the theaters and movies and shops and sightseeing places. Once we went to the carnival and rode in the scenic railway, and I had a fine time with the ups and downs. In fact it reminded me of skiing. But Ang Lhamu got so excited she kept pounding my hand with her fist, and when the ride was over she said, "What are you trying to do—kill me?"

After several days the other expedition members began to come back from their homes, and then came the biggest event of our London visit, which was our presentation to the Queen. As we drove to Buckingham Palace the streets were full of crowds, and I was very impressed by the British Guards with their red coats and big fur hats. Before meeting the Queen we went to a tea party on the palace lawn, and there was a great crowd there too; so much so that we were all pressed together and I felt that my insides might be squeezed out. But then I thought, "No, I shouldn't complain. At least I'm thin. But what's happening to poor Ang Lhamu—who isn't?" When the outdoor party was over we were taken into a big reception room in the palace, where we met the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh. All the expedition members and their families were there, and the Queen and Duke presented us with medals and awards. The Queen was very friendly and interested and asked me several questions about the climb, and also about my other expeditions. Colonel Hunt, who knows Hindustani, started to translate for me, but I found that I could understand and answer all right in English, and this pleased me very much.

After the reception there was a stag dinner, given for us by the Duke, and we were all wearing our decorations from here to there. Later, there was another reception. And the next day, and the day after, there were still more receptions, most of them given by various ambassadors. For a while that was all life seemed to be—one big reception—and I thought, "What would happen to me if this was chug I was drinking all the time, instead of just tea and lemon juice?"

At last the time came to leave London. The Hunts, the Wyllies and many others came to see us off, and anyone who saw our goodbys would not have to be told that there was no ill feeling between us. The English people had been wonderful to me. The English climbers were fine men, and my friends. In spite of the minor difficulties, and the troublemakers who had tried to make them big, we had had a great and successful expedition. And if Colonel Hunt ever heads another expedition back to the Himalayas he will find me ready to help him in every way—even though it might not be possible for me to go along myself.

After leaving England we spent two happy weeks in Switzerland, where I had a chance to climb in the Alps. Then we flew back to India, and at last, after so many months and miles, I returned to Darjeeling. Our old house in Toong Soong Banti was so full of gifts that had been sent to me that we could no longer fit in it. First we lived in a hotel, then moved to a small apartment and began making plans to buy a new home of our own. Meanwhile there were reunions with the other Everest Sherpas and with the rest of my old friends in Darjeeling. There were, of course, the crowds and receptions and interviews. There was always activity and excitement, and it was a wonderful way to be welcomed back to my home town. But there was not much of the rest that I so badly needed. The days and then the weeks went by as if in some sort of crazy dream.

Some time before, while I was still in Nepal, my friend Mirra had written Dr. B. C. Roy, the Chief Minister of West Bengal (where Darjeeling is located), and suggested to him the idea of an Indian mountaineering school, of which I would be the head. Both Dr. Roy and I thought



Tenzing: Tiger of Everest

it would be a good idea too, and soon after my return home we got together and discussed plans. It was decided that the school would be called the Himalayan Institute of Mountaineering, and its purpose would be to develop a love and knowledge of mountains among Indians themselves and to give our own young men a chance to learn how to become real mountaineers. I would be in charge of instruction and training, and the administration would be handled by N. D. Jajal, an old climbing companion on Bandar Punc and Nanda Devi, who had now risen to the rank of major in the Indian Army. The headquarters of the school were to be in Darjeeling, but since there are no big mountains close to the town it would also be necessary to find a base for the actual climbing, and it was decided that the obvious place for this was in the great range to the north, near Kanchenjunga.

Needing the best expert advice on such matters, we got in touch with the Swiss Foundation for Alpine Research, and Arnold Glimmer, head of a well-known climbing school at Rosenlaui, came out to work with us. In October, about two months after my return home, he, Major Jajal and I took a trip up into the Sikkim Himalayas to look for a good place for our base of operations. After much reconnoitering, we selected a spot in the region of Koktan and Kang Peak, which I had visited with George Frey two years before. For here were not only the usual snow mountains but also many good rock areas, and the terrain was just right for all sorts of climbing and training. After we returned and made our recommendations, the work of financing and organizing the school was begun, with the plan of actually opening it in the fall of the following year.

Meanwhile my family and I began living our life again in Darjeeling, and we could see at once that it was to be a new life, for almost nothing was the same as before. There were still crowds, crowds, crowds. There were still the receptions and interviews. And though I was deeply grateful for the attention and honor I was given, it was sometimes almost enough to make me desperate. Half the time I felt like an animal in the zoo. "Maybe the lamas of Thyangboche were right after all," I thought, "and now I am being punished by the Lord of Everest."

The new home I bought was on a steep hillside on the outskirts of Darjeeling, with a wonderful view across Sikkim toward the snows of Kanchenjunga. But it needed much rebuilding, and it was some time before we could move into it. Ang Lahmu, who had been ayah to many English families, knew all about Western-type furnishings, and these were what we wanted—including all sorts of modern gadgets for the kitchen. We had the usual husband-and-wife discussions, and I kept saying, "We've done all right so far. Don't try for too much. Let's keep our lives simple." But I'm afraid it is not as easy to do as it is to say. Even for myself, who wants little, I have heard criticism of the collection of things I have made from my many expeditions and travels. "He should get rid of the stuff," people have said. "His house is like a museum." But it is not a museum. It is the place to keep things that are near and dear to me.

One thing that had always concerned me greatly was the education of Pem Pem and Nima. For several years they went to Nepalese schools, but now I have been able to enter them in the Loreto Convent, in Darjeeling, where they are learning English, getting a good modern education and meeting people of all different sorts. To improve my own English I have bought a Linguaphone, and, with the help both of this and of many conversations, I am glad to say I am becoming always more fluent. Dearly would I like to do something, also, about reading and writing. But life is so short and so busy. I now know all the letters in their different forms of printing and script, but still have trouble putting them together into words . . . except for my own name, of course. By now I have signed my autograph so often I think I could do it with my left hand in my sleep.

There were many opportunities to make money. Not a maharaja's fortune, to be sure, but a great deal compared to what we had been used to. Besides the fee from the United Press and the gifts from cities and organizations, I had offers from many commercial firms for endorsements and other services, but I accepted only two of these and then decided it was better not to get further involved. I have mentioned the stones I picked up just below the summit of Everest—the highest to be found in the world. Also I had other specimens from only a little lower down; and once this was made known in the press I was offered large sums by people who wanted them as souvenirs. But I would not sell them. I gave some to Pandit Nehru and kept the rest myself. And except for Lambert's scarf, which I had sent to him, I would not part with any of the clothing or equipment I had with me on the final climb. Everest was too dear to me, and too great, to be made cheap use of in such a way.

During the early part of 1954 I received many invitations to go out with new expeditions that were then being organized. After the great work and strain of three Everest attempts in a little more than a year I could not have considered still another major climb, but I would very much have liked to go with some of the smaller parties—especially the British and Indian one that was going up into the Everest region to look for the Abominable Snowman, or yet. With all my obligations, however, it was impossible for me to get away. Besides everything else that spring, there was the first showing in India of the film, *The Conquest of Everest*, and I had been so cordially invited and urged to attend the openings in Delhi and Bombay that it would have been impossible for me to decline. As it turned out, unfortunately, it was a mistake for me to go. After the strain of Everest there had been the even greater strain of the endless crowds, receptions and interviews. This had been going on now for some ten months, I had lost 25 pounds in weight, and my health was undermined. In Bombay, during a heat wave, I took sick, with great weakness and fever. Unable to continue the tour, I returned home, and Dr. B. C. Roy (who besides being Chief Minister of West Bengal is also one of India's leading physicians) ordered me to take a thorough rest.

When *The Conquest of Everest* opened in Darjeeling I was well enough to attend. This was the 24th of May,

Tenzing: Tiger of Everest

the first anniversary of the climb, and a big celebration had been planned. But at almost the same time word came through from Nepal that Sir Edmund Hillary, who this year was leading a New Zealand expedition to Makalu II, had been taken ill up on the mountain. Fortunately he was soon all right again. But at that time it sounded as if his illness might be critical, and I asked that, out of respect to him, most of the celebration be cancelled. In the theater, before the showing of the film, I spoke a few words in Nepali to the audience. "I am deeply sorry that my friend Hillary is sick," I told them. "This is not the time to rejoice, but to pray for his quick recovery. The climbing of Everest was an achievement of teamwork, and I send my warm wishes and greetings to my companion in victory." Once again, may I make the point that is so important to me? "Would I have spoken in such a way of one toward whom I felt ill will and resentment?"

The new Himalayan Institute of Mountaineering was to open in the fall, and it had been arranged that Major Jyal and I, after I regained my health, would spend the summer in Switzerland, as guests of the Foundation for Alpine Research, to study advanced climbing techniques and methods of teaching. Luckily, by early June I was well enough

to go, and soon I was back in the Alps with my old friends of earlier climbing days. There was still a certain amount of *ciudadad*—of crowds, receptions and interviews—but much less than the year before, and I was able, on the whole, to live quietly, enjoy the mountains, and do the work for which I had come.

Later in the summer six other Sherpas came on from India. They too had been invited by the Swiss Foundation to receive a course of training for their future work at the new mountaineering school, and I had selected the men before leaving Darjeeling. They were the veteran Ang Tharkay and Gyalen Mikhren, who was also a top star; Da Namgyal and Ang Tempa, of the Everest expeditions; and my two nephews, Gombo and Topgya. After their arrival we all went to Rosenluis, where Arnold Glimhard has his climbing school, and for several weeks had much valuable experience in every sort of mountain craft. Then, toward the end of the summer, we returned home again, to continue the preparations for our own school, which was officially opened on November 4, 1934, by Pandit Nehru.

Also that winter there happened another thing I had wanted for many years. I brought my mother back from Solo Khumbo to Darjeeling. Since she was a Sherpa, she made the long trip on foot very well, even at her great age; but she had never before been to the outside world, and when we came to India she had fantastic and surprising experiences. One of these was when, for the first time in her life, she rode in the train from Jaynagar. A little while after the train had started she suddenly asked me with great surprise: "Tenzing, where is that one I saw in front of the waiting room at the station?" I explained to her what a train is, and with a sigh of relief she said, "I have never in my life seen a whole house moving like this from place to place."

So now, for the first time, almost our whole family is together in Darjeeling. And that is where things are at as I finish this story of mine. Just what the future will bring I of course cannot tell. There will be my work at the Mountaineering Institute, in which I hope I may help give a knowledge and love of the high places to many young Indians. There will be other work with the Sherpa Association, of which I am now president, and which is expanding its functions to include the supplying of Sherpas to expeditions and the regulation of their wages and conditions of employment. Also I want to be of use, as much as I can, to my people in general. I have come to where I am now from a very low position. I know the problems of poverty and ignorance and want to help my people improve and educate themselves toward a better life.

Especially I would like to help and teach young people with their lives before them. What I can teach is not from books, to be sure, but from what I have learned in living my own life: from many men, many lands, many mountains—and, most of all, from Everest. Some of it has to do with physical and material things. But not all of it; for I think I have learned other and more important things as well. One is that you cannot be a good mountaineer, however great your ability, unless you are cheerful and have the



Tenzing: Tiger of Everest

spirit of comradeship. Friends are as important as achievement. Another is that teamwork is the one key to success and that selfishness only makes a man small. Still another is that no man, on a mountain or elsewhere, gets more out of anything than he puts into it. . . . Be great. Make others great. That is what I have learned, and what all men may learn, from the great goddess Chomolungma.

A question I am often asked is if I think Everest will be climbed again. The answer is yes, of course it will. How soon the next ascent, or even attempt, will be made, no one knows; but in time it will be reclaimed, I think, not only from Nepal but from Tibet, and perhaps even by a traverse from one side to the other. The question that always follows—can it be climbed without oxygen?—is a harder one. But my guess here is also yes, provided preparations and conditions are exactly right. For one thing, I am convinced that a still higher camp would have to be set up between our 1953 Camp Nine and the summit, for at that height and without oxygen, men can climb only a very short distance in a day. And also there would have to be five consecutive days of good weather for the climbers to get from the South Col to the top and back again alive. So that, if it is ever done, it will be a matter not only of great skill, endurance and planning, but also of tremendous luck. For no man—sometimes one almost thinks no god—has control of the weather on Everest.

Do I myself want to climb again? The answer here is: on other, smaller mountains—yes. On Everest—no. On such a peak, as on any of the true Himalayan giants, to be both a high climber and a sirdar, with the two different responsibilities, is too much for one man, and there will be no more such cedars in my life. In the past it was different. In 1953 I felt that I must either get to the top of Everest or die, and the victory was well worth the struggle. But now that victory has been granted I cannot feel the same way again, either about Everest or about any mountain equally formidable. I am now 40, which is not so old—but neither is it so young—and I do not long for any more "tops of the world" to conquer. Most certainly, though, I want to return to the mountains again, for the mountains are my home and my life. I want to go back many times—on small expeditions, for good climbs with good companions. Most of all, I want to do some more good climbing with my dear friend Raymond Lambert.

Besides climbing, I should like to travel. From my travels so far I feel that I have learned a great deal, and not only about cities and airlines and geography. I have learned that the world is big and that you cannot see all of it from one little corner; that there is good and bad in all of it; that because people are different from yourself it does not necessarily mean that you are right and they are wrong. I think that much harm has been done by narrow prejudice and nationalism, that Everest itself has been harmed, and that my own people are at least partly to blame. The world is too small, Everest too great, for anything but tolerance and understanding: that is the most important of all things I have learned from my climbing and my traveling. Whatever the differences between East and West, they are as nothing compared to our common humanity. Whatever

the difficulties that arose about Everest, they are as nothing beside the common cause and the common victory, and to my English companions—to Hunt and Hillary and the others and all their countrymen—I reach out my hand across half the world.

For it is just this, I think, that is the real importance of Everest: that it is the top not merely of one country or another, but of the whole earth. It was climbed by men both of the East and the West. It belongs to us all. And that is what I want also for myself: that I should belong to all, be a brother to all men everywhere, and not merely a member of some group or race or creed. As I have said at the beginning of my story, I am a lucky man. I have had a dream, and it has come true. All that I can now ask of God is that I may be worthy of what has been granted me.

So Everest is climbed. My life goes on. In this story I have looked back at the past, but in living one must look ahead.

Once—only once—in my new life have I done what I did so often in the old: climbed up in the dawn to Tiger Hill, behind Darjeeling, from which you can see the great range of the Himalayas, spread out before you. There are no tourists with me now, as there used to be, but only a few friends. And no need to talk or explain, but only to stand quietly and watch the white peaks rise up into the morning light. But as I watch, it is no longer the same morning or the same year. I am back in this same place long ago, with the tourists who used to hire me, and I am remembering what I often said to them. "No, it is not that one. That is Lhotse. Not that. Everest is farther away, you see. It is the third one. The small one."

"The small one." . . . Perhaps that is a strange name for the highest mountain on earth. But also not so strange, and not so wrong, for what is Everest without the eye that sees it? It is the hearts of men that make it big or small.

You cannot see it far long from Tiger Hill. Soon the sun is up; the clouds come. It is neither big nor small, but gone. And now I go too down to Darjeeling, my home and my family, my new life, which is so different from the old. One of my friends asks, "Well, what is it like? How does it feel now?" But I cannot answer. I can answer only in my heart, and to Everest itself, as I did on that morning when I bent and laid a red and blue pencil in the summit snow:

Thaji drey, Chomolungma.
I am grateful.



MR. MARCIANO'S 'BLOOD-STOPPER'

With 45 seconds to work, a cut specialist and his "emergency stuff" can mean the difference between a victory and a defeat

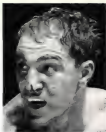
by WILLIAM H. WHITE

U NLESS Rocky Marciano knocks out Britain's Don Cockell quickly and efficiently next Monday night in San Francisco, the world's heavyweight champion may literally be bled of his title. Cockell's professed strategy is to jab at Marciano's battle-scarred nose and eyes in the hope of opening wounds that will give him the championship on a technical knockout. If these tactics succeed, Rocky's defense may depend less on his own explosive fists than on the gentle, skillful hands of a man named Freddie Brown.

For in trade parlance, Marciano is "a bleeder." Though he hurts hard, his facial skin, strong and weather-beaten in appearance, is actually so tender

that a head butt or glancing blow can lay it open. Because of this, Marciano, like many other fighters, must have a blood-stopping specialist—a "cut-man"—in his corner. And since he is world champion, he can afford the best, and one of the best cut-men in the boxing business is Brown.

Freddie Brown is a calm, silent little man of middle age with sparse, unruly hair and the flat features that mark most boxing men. A trainer and cut specialist for 30 years, he has never read a medical book, never taken a first aid course and never tried to master any of the bewildering technicalities of anatomy. But in the words of his partner, the acknowledged dean of box-



NOSE SPLIT is Marciano's last fight, since fazed, is Don Cockell's prime target.

ing's blood-stoppers, Whitey Blumstein, "Freddie can stop the flow of more blood in less time than anyone alive."

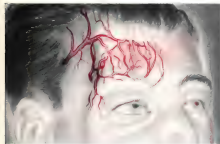
The rules of boxing give each fighter one minute's rest between rounds, the time from bell to bell. No one can put a foot on the apron of the ring until the bell sounds, and the handlers must get out of the ring at the 10-second warning buzzer. Since it takes about five seconds to climb up the steps, through the ropes and into position to tend his fighter, a cut-man actually has only 45 seconds to work.

"If I don't get my guy fixed up in those 45 seconds," says Brown, "he don't fight any more. I gotta keep calm and work fast, and get complete cooperation from my fighter. Keeping calm—that's the big thing."

"But I gotta get help from my man. The guy's bleeding like a stuck pig. He figures to be a little scared, but he's gotta sit still while I work on him. I can't be stabbing at him with swabs all night. First thing you know, the bell rings and there he is, still bleeding. So he loses the fight because the referee won't let him go out for the next round."

"Now Marciano, he's the worst bleeder I ever handled. But he's a great cooperator. He never gets upset. Just sits there and lets a guy do his work. Take the seceded Ezzard Charles fight. Rocky comes in after the sixth and looks like he's got two noses both bleeding like it was water out of a faucet. Rocky don't know he is cut; he thinks it's just a bloody nose. But I never saw a cut like that before. Rocky's cool and so am I. Between the two of us, we get him fixed up and he knocks Charles out. Course, I had to use my own emergency stuff to do the fixing."

Brown's "emergency stuff" was Neg-



VULNERABLE 'ARTERIAL PUMPERS'

The blood vessels above and around the eyes—the temporal (left) and supraorbital (right) and their complicated network of branches—are "arterial pumps" and lie relatively unprotected on a thin layer of loose tissue between the skin and bony points of the brow. A glancing blow or

head butt during infighting tears the skin against the hard skull and can rupture the vulnerable blood vessels underneath. When a boxer is cut in this region, the blood, which is under great pressure, spurts as in any arterial injury and becomes extremely difficult for a cut specialist to staunch.

stan, a cauterizing drug normally used by gynecologists for female disorders. Negatan contains formaldehyde, which turns skin to leather in a matter of seconds. If any of the substance, however, drops or splashes into a fighter's eye, it may permanently scar the corner. For this reason, the use of Negatan has since been banned by the New York State Athletic Commission.

ALARMED AND ASTOUNDED

While ring-wise physicians are often alarmed at the methods cut-men use, particularly the unsterile habit of swabbing with a stick that has been in their mouth, most doctors and surgeons are frankly astounded at the speed with which these practiced but uneducated artisans can patch a bleeding cut. To a cut-man, it's just his job, and the good ones can command from \$500 to \$1,000 for a night's work.

Of all the cuts, those in the upper eyelid and eyebrow are the worst. The blood vessels here are heavy bleeders and they are hard to plug (*ironing opposite*). Moreover, a punch or head butt can easily start the bleeding again. The danger is not the actual loss of blood, but the fact that blood streaming into the eye will blur a boxer's vision. Some fighters, furthermore, will panic at the least amount of blood.

Depending on the fighter and the extent of the cut, his cut-man will use simple pressure—some handlers hold a silver coin over the wound for 30 seconds—or will use a mild atypic like adrenalin. Adrenalin shrinks the blood vessels physiologically. In some men, however, it acts in just the opposite way; it can stimulate the heartbeat and build up the blood pressure so much that the closed-up blood vessels will spurt open again.

The second most troublesome cut is one under the eye, for it can always guff up and close the eye entirely. To control swelling, handlers apply an ice bag, and in an emergency will prick the bulge with a scalpel or razor to let the accumulated blood drain out. Cuts in the mouth can also be bad because of the danger that the fighter may swallow blood and get sick.

Nosebleeds are usually pushovers. A handler packs adrenalin-soaked cotton into the nostrils, pulling it out before the round begins so that the fighter doesn't gag on blood. Bleeding on the jaw, cheek, chin or ear is relatively easy to close with pressure and, as with all cuts, the skin is coated with vaseline so that a punch will slip by.

These techniques are stock in trade
continued on next page

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S-16

'BLOOD-STOPPER'

continued from page 51

to every handler. But what makes a few cut-men outstanding is their "emergency stuff"—secrets they learn from old-time cut-men, and new ideas they pick up from doctors, surgeons and drug salesmen.

"When I started out," recalls Ray Arrel, a former cut-man who is now a promoter, "we didn't have many coagulants. I patterned myself after Frank Bagley, a great trainer. Doc Bagley used chewing tobacco; I was his towel swinger. When a fighter was cut, he'd pull the nickel plug out of his back pocket, bite off a piece and start chewing. Then, at the bell, he'd jump into the ring and press it into the cut. He'd hold it there. Then he'd take it out and throw it away. All the time he was pressing he'd yell at me, 'Swing that towel! Swing that towel!'"

A SICKENING PLUG

"Well, I was just a kid; I wanted to be just like Doc Bagley. And I got my chance. I got orders to take a kid to Jersey. First thing I did was to buy a nickel plug of tobacco.

"I'm sitting in the corner praying for the kid to be cut. Then I think I see some blood. I bite off a chew and begin working it around. But I never did hear the bell ending that round. I fell down under the ring. The doctor thought I had appendicitis or something. He called an ambulance. When I came to, he was bending over me and asking: 'What's wrong?' I told him—I'd swallowed the chewing tobacco."

Today's cut-man may not have tobacco but when he settles down for a night's work he is a general-bundling first aid kit. As he crouches on the steps of the ring the pockets of his white cardigan are stuffed with the tools of his trade. He carries a dozen sterile gauze pads, a big wad of cotton, 12 capsules of smelling salts, a bottle of vasoline, two dozen sticks and a bottle of adrenalin. Clamped between his teeth are several swabs, and there are ice bags and a bottle of mouth rinse (usually water with aromatic spirits of ammonia) in a pail beside him. He also carries a small valve packed with extras of everything, plus his special, unlabeled phial of "emergency stuff."

Just what the "emergency stuff" consists of is each cut-man's jealously guarded secret. Among the more common quick-coagulants are bismuth subgallate, tannic acid, carpenter's glue, collodion, silver nitrate, thromboplastin and tincture of myrrh (Whitey

Blumstein's irreverent comment on myth: "The three wise men? One of them was a cut-man on his way to a fight.") But by far the fastest blood-stauncher of them all is Monzel's solution, a yellow powder or a strong, reddish-brown, odorless, acid-tasting liquid, developed by a 19th century English chemist, Monzel, who, incidentally, had no interest in boxing.

Chemically, Monzel's solution is ferrie (iron) subsulfate, containing sulfuric acid, nitric acid and ferrous sulfate. To make this witches' potion, sulfuric acid and distilled water are first brought to a boil, then some nitric acid is added. Into this steaming mixture four equal parts of coarsely powdered ferrous sulfate are mixed, one portion at a time, stirred until the solution turns black. Next, a few more drops of nitric acid are included until the fumes cease and the brew turns red. Water is used to dilute the solution and the liquid is filtered and left to cool. When smeared or powdered into a bleeding wound, Monzel's solution instantaneously seals the torn blood vessels shut and forms a thick, concrete-like mass of black scar tissue.

Monzel's is a tricky and dangerous concoction to handle. If a nervous hand-drier slips and dabs any of the acidic solution onto the eye or if any of it seeps down over the nose, the fighter can be permanently blinded. After a fight the pavement of scar tissue must be dug out with a scalpel and the

cut cleaned and surgically closed with stitches. Otherwise the wound could fester or will leave a horrid, nonhealing mosaic of dead cells which may burst open in the next fight.

For these reasons Monzel's solution is banned, but enforcement of the ban is quite another matter. At every fight, the New York State Athletic Commission assigns two ring physicians and a deputy commissioner whose job, among others, is to watch what the handler uses on rats. Nonetheless, it is an easy matter for a handler to devise a swab in a tiny, hidden bottle of Monzel's while the fight is on or even before it begins and apply it between rounds.

"WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO?"

"Even if one of our commissioners did confiscate a bottle of something and brought it to me," says Dr. Marvin A. Stevens, chairman of the Medical Advisory Board for the New York State Athletic Commission, "what am I supposed to do? Sniff it? Taste the stuff? We have the law, but no provision for the \$75 to \$125 it takes to get a chemical analysis. Actually, I don't think that it is used too often, but there are very few seconds that I'd trust not to try it in a pinch."

Another doctor put it this way: "You can bet that if a cut recant a million-dollar title—say it's Marviniano—Al Weill himself would be the first to jump into the ring Monday night with a mitt full of Monzel's." **END**

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CUT-MAN BROWN, whose fast punch of Marcello's right eye helped win title from Bakshi, peers over champ's shoulder with bespectacled trainer Charley Goldman.

Maybe they'll see one in San Francisco next Monday night. Maybe the soft-spoken fat boy from Batusien, England will stand up to the appealing, gassy Italian shoemaker's son from Brockton, Mass. Maybe Cockell will cross up us wiseheimsen and go all the way like his hardy predecessor Tommy Farr. Maybe lightning will strike and he'll crack Rocky's vulnerable nose and win it all like another hand-picked underdog, Jimmy Braddock.

But I don't think so. Braddock caught up with Baer on a night when Maize was sluggish with disipation. Maize had the equipment but not the dedication. Rocky is easy to hit and he's a bleeder and he still has moments when he looks like a six-round preliminary fighter. But he's got the dedication, he's got the confidence, he's got the pride. I'm ready to risk a bob or two he'll move around with the English impartiality for three or four rounds, and then give him a leveller, as they used to say, in the fifth or sixth. And so another hand-picked bites the dust.

TIME FOR ARCHIE

Then it may be time for Archie Moore, who has stepped neatly into the Methusalem role, now that his fellow 25-year-man Jersey Joe has become a peaceful citizen in Camden. Old Archie, pushing 40, ain't what he used to be. His legs were wobbling from plain tiredness in his spectacular title defense against Harold Johnson last fall. He would have been all over an earnest, slow-moving fighter like Nino Valdes a few years back. Just the same, he isn't hand-picked. In fact Archie Moore's life story can be summed up in half a dozen words: he's the antithesis of the hand-picked. Tough to fight and never much of a draw, this incredible old fast-machine has been forced to wander all over the world to keep working at the trade he has mastered.

I think Rocky, spit-achoo and all, can lick this middle-aged phenomenon. If Archie survives the ordeal of gounding twenty-one and a half pounds off his old tub of a body in time to defend his 175-pound title against Bobo (60-200) next month, I'd like to see him in there with Marcelino next fall. Come on, Al, take a chance. After all, Archie Moore is nearly as old as you are. And the way he's blowing up to 290 pounds he'd be the strangest-looking and most unlikely heavyweight champion since Bob Fitzsimmons. Give the old guy a break. You've still got to take some chances in this business. You can't have them all made to order for you like Don Cockell. (C.M.)



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BOATING

Continued from page 111

day-sailer they called the Holiday; and already they'd topped \$100,000 for the \$1,482 a copy. Going themselves one better, the Lake Washington people are offering a flash-yourself package of an Incomplete Holiday, plus accessories, for \$797; and a further-along Holiday package for \$996. Furthermore, the yard owners in the Northwest encourage amateurs to do it themselves and even bring along their own hired help, e.g., the family gardener. The theory is simple: the amateur is bound to get fouled up somewhere along the line, and then the yard earns to the owner, at a handsome fee.

MOTORBOATS ARE EASIER

Even the ingenuous Northeasterners, however, are not planning to survive on the sailboat trade alone. In today's economy, motorboats are becoming the thing, simply because maintaining is so much easier. It takes at least three concentrated years to be able to handle an ocean sloop, and a lifetime to learn to handle it right. A powerboat, on the other hand, is as easy to drive as a car, and it gets there on schedule whether the wind blows or not. Furthermore, it requires a smaller crew. Maintenance is lower because there are no masts and rigging. And finally, a power yacht suitable for entertaining may sometimes be charged up to business expenses.

But even these coldest of economic facts have done little to dampen the enthusiasm of true sailors. Most of them, like the Boston dinker buyer, simply confine themselves to smaller boats—dinghies, Stars, Snipes, Lightnings and the dozens and dozens of other small-class boats. Some, like Carl Hespard or the 77 deep-water yachtsmen in last week's Newport Bear-Ensenada race, are able to splurge with their own ocean racers. But even they no longer claim their pleasures are practical. It comes back more to a matter of emotion. Like Jim Cole of Boston, who just bought Folk Singer Burl Ives's 46-foot Bahamas-built ketch *Ashore Quorra*. The *Quorra* is beautifully built, broad-beamed, clipper-headed—a real island boat, completely out of place in Boston Harbor. No one but a sailor could understand why Cole bought her, and when a landman asked a friend of Cole's—a yachtsman himself—about it, the friend took over a kind of condescending pity.

"Why," the friend of Cole's said, "he loves her." Maybe that explains everything. END

Some people are in the mood but haven't the money . . .

Some people have the money but aren't in the mood . . .

Some people have both the mood and the money



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CIRCULATION NOW 575,000



Time for a swim

by HORACE SUTTON

DOWN IN Miami Beach, with the sea lapping the shore a scant 20 yards away, an architect submitting sketches for a new hotel might as well leave out the kitchen as fail to provide for a blue-tiled, cable-surrounded, chrome-upholstered, palm-shaded, under-water-lighted swimming pool. Where would the *divertido* players, the horse players, the gin rummy players gather? Where would all the lookies go, burning there on the poolside across like chickens in a *Runo-Bruni*? Surely not to the beach. The ocean is obsolete.

Standing in the crashing surf off Coney or Canna is old chaparral. The world has gone dunking in pools, pools that are not only shaped like kidneys, but also like pears, beans, fans, pianos and sick livers. A peanut-shaped pool was commissioned in Litchfield, Connecticut, in Southampton, Long Island there is one fashioned like a cucumber. In Palm Springs, Calif., where a swimming pool really makes sense at a distance of a hundred miles from the sea, there is one that looks—well, like a swimming pool (see opposite page).

ROUNDED CORNERS AND LIMA BEANS

Perry Como's pool at Sands Point, L.I., (310,000) has rounded corners at the deep end and is finished in a sweeping arc at the shallow side. Pat Weaver, president of NBC, owns one shaped like a lima bean, although in deference to everyone's esthetic senses it is referred to as a semicircle of a calla lily. E. H. Griffith, a newspaperman turned Hollywood director, has his Laguna Beach pool filled twice a day by the incoming tide. Irving Berlin relies on the gravity power of a cold Catskill stream, warming the tank with a fox heated by an oil burner. When the Mountain water and the warmed water are in the pool, someone has to jump in and mix them around.

In the years between the wars, swimming pools were built for hotels, institutions and fabulous estates. They

were expensive to install and difficult to maintain. When they were asked there were only 8,000 pools in the whole country. There are now about 40,000, half of them on private estates. Dade County, which encompasses Miami Beach, accounts for some 5,000, and there are more than 15,000 in Los Angeles County.

Some hotels, notably the Cavalier in Virginia Beach and the Normandie in San Juan, Puerto Rico, were so proud of their pools when they installed them some years back that they had them built into the lobby. Tiny sailors on Caribbean duty during the war were prone to ascend to the third floor and execute swan dives into the pool below. The sport became so appealing that the pool was fenced in.

Now a pool is standard equipment for any resort hotel, and very nearly a necessity for any motel in a warm-weather area. New York's Welding Engineering Company, building 150 pools a year, finds business "very healthy." Says Chester King, its general manager, "Give me two to three weeks time and 36,000 and you're swimming."

What is causing the boom in pools and rendering the ocean obsolete is

refuge at low tide, jellyfish, Portuguese men-of-war, sand in the hair, heavy traffic, improved pools and Hollywood. People seem to like to loll, eat, talk around a swimming pool. It's clean, comfortable and safe. Stalled traffic makes an hour or two of stop-and-go driving for a splash in the sea and sand in the sandal is an unattractive notion for a summer Sunday. The development of new filtration systems makes pool maintenance a simple task. Says King, "Before filtration processes you were always cleaning and emptying. The water was very cold and by the time it warmed up it was too dirty to swim in. Swimming time was confined to the small period when the water was clean enough and warm enough." Now filtration lets a pool's water every six hours.

THE NEW POTBELLIED STOVE

Show business, which long ago adopted the pool as a center for inspiration and regeneration, made the pool desirable for everyone else. At New Hampshire's Lake Umbagog, summer mountain refuge of show folk, Red Buttons will cry new material from a

www.fox.com/entertainment



"That's pretty well over head."

OVAL POOL at the Palm Springs Tropicana is favorite spot for that elite resort's most elite people. All in all, Palm Springs can offer its customers more than 500 pools.

for such a purpose. Union Pacific's engineers built a steam plant instead and when the temperature dips to zero at Sun Valley, swimmers still bob in the pleasant 87° water.

But even Hollywood cannot match the pool of the Royal Hotel at San Remo on the Italian Riviera which features a waterside bar exclusively for underwater swimmers who must dive through a tunnel and emerge in a grotto where they are served drinks with a long-handled tray. The Concord Hotel at Kiamisha Lake, N.Y., offers an immense indoor pool with overhead sun lamps and fake palms where you can get a Miami tan while viewing the snowy Catskills through a glass wall.

A MARK ABOVE MINK

Beach and Pool and Swimming, a magazine (circ. 3,500) for pool owners and builders, estimates an ultimate pool for every village and town in the U.S. with a population of 1,500 or more. For towns, resorts and clubs, swimming pools have become standard equipment. For John Dough, one is now a mark on the success chart immediately above mink and Cadillac. A Hollywood writer named Ernest Lehman, who wrote the screen plays for *Executive Suite* and *Subura*, was denying allegations the other day of his meteoric rise on the Hollywood horizon. "No kidney-shaped pools," said Mr. Lehman with self-effacement, "just a pool-shaped kidney." (X.M.D.)

ANNIVERSARY



FORTY YEARS AGO the week Regret won the Kentucky Derby—the only filly to win in the 91 runnings of the event. Regret, owned by Harry Payne Whitney, went to the post a favorite, led all the way and won by two lengths. The purse won by Regret, \$11,450, was a Derby record at the time. Regret won the Hopedale and the Saratoga Special as a 2-year-old, but the Derby was her only important triumph as a 3-year-old.

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INSIDE BASEBALL WITH PAUL RICHARDS

In the first of a series of articles condensed from his forthcoming book, *Modern Baseball Strategy* (Prentice-Hall, June 1, \$3.95), a great tactician discusses the game's communications system

PART I: SIGNS AND SIGNALS

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Most baseball fans make something of a hobby of trying to spot and interpret signs and signals. There are a few, of course, who insist that signs are just an elaborate house-pose designed to mystify and amuse the spectators. Actually, they are a vital tool of any successful team.

The mechanics of sign-giving usually start with the manager furnishing his sign to the coach. The coach, in turn, gives the sign to the runner or the batter or to both. Many times the manager's sign is merely a mannerism that only a coach familiar with a certain pitcher's style could catch. The palm of the right hand flamed, a closed fist, a quick rub on the shirt or even a slight wiggle of the toes could very well convey a meaning.

A simple and widely used sign in the major leagues is one that has a key. For example, rubbing the shirt with the right hand could be the bunt sign, but this sign does not go "on" unless it is followed by touching red or blue—or any other color in which the uniform may be trimmed. The take sign could be a similar rub of anything above the belt—followed by rubbing the key color.

WHEN THE SIGN IS "ON"

Many clubs leave the strategy of the hit and run to the individual player. That player, in turn, will have a sign with four hitters above him in the batting order. These signs are changed constantly to prevent the opposition from getting wise.

For example, the batter rubs his shirt, pants, and touches his cap. If he touches his cap last, the hit and run is "on." To confuse the opposition, if he goes to his cap, then rubs his shirt, the sign does not go. Still another version of the hit and run keeps the sign on all the time unless the

hitter performs a certain kind of ritual.

It often becomes necessary to relay signs to coach, runner and hitter with no more than a split second in which to do it effectively. For that reason, most managers try to figure what they are going to do at least one pitch, and many times two or three pitches, in advance.

Let's look at a sample of a more complicated set of signals that major league clubs have used. In the first inning, the sequence of signs is: cap = bunt; shirt = take; trousers = hit and run.

In the second frame the signs automatically go: shirt = bunt; trousers = take; cap = hit and run.

In the third inning, they drop down to: trousers = bunt; cap = take; shirt = hit and run.

To make all of this tougher, with a right-hand hitter only a sign given with the right hand goes, and with a left-hand hitter only the left hand counts.

THE MOST VALUABLE SIGN

In another set of signs used by an American League club, the cap is bunt, the shirt is take and the trousers "nothing." When a coach rubs his cap, shirt and pants, nothing is on. But if he rubs his cap, shirt, pants, and goes back to his shirt, then the take is on because he rubbed the take item last. Any time the coach rubs his take-off sign last, it means no sign is on.

The most valuable sign one can steal from the opposition, and the most critical for your own ball club to have switched, is the hit and run. If he knows the opposition's sign, your catcher can call a pitch out and many times cripple an entire inning. A pretty good system for stealing signs is to assign a certain player to do nothing but watch the batter, never allowing his eyes to stray throughout the play. Another



BALTIMORE MANAGER
Richards came from Chicago where he had made White Sox a contender. In this series he is addressing himself to the "post-graduate" student of baseball.

player has a similar assignment watching the coach, and still another puts the whammer on the opposing manager in the dugout.

The manager usually reserves the right to decide if the batter should hit or take when the count is two and nothing, three and nothing or three and one. Many managers also control the hit or take on the first pitch. Most pitchers will have a player taking a pitch when his club is behind in the late innings. On the other hand, many ball-players feel they should be allowed to hit when the count is two and nothing or three and one. The fact of the matter is that any manager would prefer to know his players have the ability to pick on a cripple pitch that is in the strike zone and hit it hard but at the same time be able to let the bad ball go by and gamble for the base on balls.

Catchers' signals to the pitcher have been basically the same through the last 50 years of baseball. Starting in sandlot baseball and continuing on through high school, college, professional, right on to the major leagues, standard signals are: one finger = fast ball; two fingers = curve; three fingers = slider (in modern times); four fingers = any other special pitch (knuckle ball, fork, palm, etc.). Wiggling of the fingers calls for a change of pace.

A runner on second represents the only reason for signs ever being changed

from the simple 1-2-3 to a more complicated system. A sharp base runner on first occasionally will steal signs from a careless catcher. The catcher must be absolutely certain that neither coaches nor runners on first can see his signs and should have a standing rule with both his first and third basemen to warn him immediately if the signs are discernible to either of them.

Sometimes a simple switch sign is worth working with those pitchers not alert enough to master the more complicated signals. For example, the position of the catcher's mitt can tell the pitcher one finger means a curve and two fingers mean a fast ball.

TOO MANY SIGNS

Many managers are overly sign-conscious. They impose a strange and complicated set of signs on the catcher and pitcher. For instance, suppose five fingers means a fast ball, six a curve, seven a slider and eight an off pitch. In this case, you add the fingers that are put down. As an example, 3-3-2 adds up to eight, signifying an off pitch. To confuse the base runner, if the catcher gives 3-3-2, and, after reaching eight, continues to give signs 3-2-1, the pitcher then must start over and add after eight, arriving at five—the sign for a fast ball.

Most catchers use a flat hand against the leg for a pitchout on a play to first or second. Catchers and pitchers who throw the ball behind a right-handed batter on a pick-off play at third base usually use a thumb flip to denote this special type of pitchout.

A simple statement which I consider essential advice to young catchers is: *The greatest help a catcher can receive is to be absolutely sure what the pitcher is going to throw.*

Use the simplest signs you possibly can, with an even more elementary switch sign to throw off the opposition, and you not only will be more certain of catching the ball, you'll be taking a lot of pressure off the pitcher. **END**

IN COMING ISSUES

INSIDE BASEBALL

Source: Author's calculations, based on data from the 1990 Census.

In the next few weeks **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** will present a number of analyses by Manager Richards of baseball's five points. These will include the burnt and squeeze play, the hit-and-run, pitcher selection, pitch-biting, and base-running strategy.

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BASEBALL

by ROBERT CREAMER

BROOKLYN HAD THE SPOTLIGHT
BUT IN THE WINGS THE PIRATES
STAGED A ROUSING PREVIEW OF
THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME

BEFORE the season began the Pittsburgh Pirates were tabbed as a team destined to go nowhere very far from the cellar in the National League pennant race. Spirited bursts of fine play could be expected every now and then as "previews of pennant-winning teams to come," to give a nod to Pittsburgh General Manager Branch Rickey and his long-range building program; but the general prognosis was one of gloom, which the Pirates promptly confirmed by losing their first eight games and landing flatly in last place.

You may not have noticed this dismal spell at the time, for it was not a particularly surprising thing, and it was more or less obscured by the Brooklyn Dodgers' spectacular season-opening 16-game winning streak. Those who did take notice of it remarked only that the Pirates were finding their proper level rather quickly this year.

Last week you still may not have been looking Pittsburgh's way, what with that tremendous glow of victory continuing to rise over Brooklyn, but if you had, you might have noted small signs and portents: the youthful Pirates' first preview of future greatness. It included six straight victories, 10 wins in 15 games, and a rush from dead last into fifth place.

Ten out of 15 is not an extraordinary

achievement, six straight victories is a rather modest winning streak and fifth place is really not very high in the standings. But coming after that depressing opening week, the resurgent play of the Pirates was remarkable, particularly during the six games they won consecutively. Throughout those six games the Pirates were as exciting and as satisfying a club as any in baseball, and those few desperately loyal Pittsburgh fans who did not let four last-place finishes in five years destroy an affection built on memories of Fred Clarke, Honus Wagner, Pie Traynor and the Waners were richly rewarded.

IN THE BEGINNING

Ronnie Kline started the streak by shutting out the powerful St. Louis Cardinals 7-0 for his first major league victory. Bob Parkey followed suit the next day by stopping the Cardinals 5-1, the lone St. Louis run scoring on an error. Then Dick Littlefield shut out the Milwaukee Braves 4-0. In three games Pirate pitchers, who last year allowed 4.92 earned runs per game, worst in the league, had permitted only one run, and that one unearned.

The fourth straight victory was most significant: one of the streak—a hard, tough game against the Braves that the Pirates won because they outplayed

and outfought a better team. In the fifth inning George Freese, the elder (28) member of the Freese brothers' infield act, led off with a single. Brother Gee, just 21 in January, followed him to bat. This is the tense, emotional young fellow whom Rickey called the best player in the minor leagues last year. Now, intentionally or unintentionally, he stepped out of the batter's box just as Milwaukee's truculent Lew Burdette was about to pitch. Burdette seethed with irritation. Freese stepped back in, Burdette threw and Freese hit the ball over the scoreboard for his first major league home run. Burdette steamed with fury. Pirate Pitcher Max Barkont came to bat. Burdette, violating the ethical—and practical—dictum never to throw at a fellow pitcher, sent Barkont into the dust with a high, tight fast ball. Barkont got to his feet, livid with rage, and the Pirate bench howled at Burdette. The count on angry Max went to three and two, and then Burdette walked him. Out came Manager Charley Grimm from the Braves dugout, and on went the Pirates to five runs and a 5-3 lead they held into the ninth.

Then a Milwaukee rally brought the score to 5-4, with the tying and winning runs on base and two men out. George Crowe hit a long drive to deep right that seemed sure to go off the screen for extra bases. But 20-year-old Roberto Clements, a brilliant young player, raced back and made a leaping one-handed catch for the final out.

The next day it was easy. The Pirates ran up an 8-2 lead over the Braves, as First Baseman Dale Long hit three doubles and drove in six runs.



RARE SIGHT, the triple play happens only once or twice a season, is over in an instant. The one Pirates made against Braves occurred when First Baseman Long squared Mathews' line drive

for first out, threw to Shortstop Great to catch Bruton off base for second, then scrambled back to first ahead of Base Runner Logan to take return throw waist high for our number three.

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INSTRUMENTAL

My main purpose in subscribing to **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** was for the pleasure of my husband and son. But after reading it for awhile from cover to cover, I know this grand new weekly is going to be very instrumental in "educating" a sports-ignorant housewife.

Clair Stork
San Diego, Calif.

In the seventh the Braves rallied, scored twice to bring the score to 8-4, had two men on base with no one out and slugger Eddie Mathews at bat. Mathews leaned into one and clouted it on a sailing line toward right field. If it had gone through it would almost certainly have been for extra bases and two Milwaukee runs. Instead, Long ("What a day he had!" Pirate Manager Fred Haney said later) plucked the ball out of the air and started a stunning triple play (see drawing opposite page) that crushed the rally and the Braves and extended the Pirate streak to five straight.

ON TO NEW YORK

Then the Pirates flew into New York, knocked Johnny Amersoll of the Giants out of the box in the seventh and led 3-1 going into the Giants' last time at bat. Mathew singled to start the inning. On successive pitches Irvin singled and Mays doubled to bring the score to 3-2, with the tying run on third, the winning run on second and none out. The Pirates thought of the game they had dropped two weeks before to the Pals during their losing streak, when they carried a 4-0 lead into the last of the ninth only to lose it 3-4. This time it was different. Relief Pitcher Ben Wade walked Dark intentionally to load the bases. Lookman hit a grounder to Gene Freese at second base. Freese clatched the ball eagerly, bobbled it for a second, but maintained his poise and, with the confidence and sure touch of a Red Schoendienst, riled the ball to Catcher Jack Shepard just in time to force Irvin at the plate. It didn't look spectacular, but it was a great play: because of it the Giants failed to score and the Pirates saved their victory. The next Giant struck out and the next fled to center. Gene Freese leaped up in glee as the ball was caught for the final out, then leaped on Ben Wade. It seemed like a very big game for this team of proud young ballplayers to win.

They lost to the Giants the next day and split a double-header with them the day after that, and it did not seem likely that they would stay in fifth place very long. But their preview of the shape of things to come—brilliant pitching, timely hitting, sure fielding—was a smash hit. These Pirates might indeed be the team to beat in 1957.

"I don't want to say this is a good team," Haney said carefully the night the Pirates won their sixth straight. "It isn't a good team. But it can be. It has potential."

It certainly has.

(END)



**"Elementary—
my dear Watson,
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of Confidence"**

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WHAT THE WELL-DRESSED BIRD WILL WEAR

by ROBERT CUSHMAN MURPHY

The poise of birds is as again, with all their gaudy springtime transformations. Herewith a sparkling portfolio in color of well-known birds contrasting their fall and summer plumages, with text and commentary by a distinguished authority

FEATHERS are the most complex of all outgrowths of skin. The number of interlocking parts—barbs, barbules and barbiols—is a feather smaller than your little fingernail runs to an astronomical figure. In relation to their weight, feathers are the strongest and most elastic of all organic structures, and as an insulating covering they are without peer. When it comes to the second important function of "clothing," namely adornment, feathers can easily hold their own with mink and sable, as well as with the jeweled integument of butterfly wings.

A bird's plumage owes its charm to both pattern and color. The latter springs from two different sources, one of which might be called physical, the other chemical. Hold a feather from a bluebird's back against the sky and what do we see? Nothing but a dull leaden screen. Now move it so that it is viewed by reflected instead of transmitted light and it magically turns azure. The reason is that the blue is a prismatic hue rather than a pigment. It is merely epitomized light, which aging can neither change nor fade.

Most of the other hues of feathers are due to pigments, colored substances such as a painter might spread upon canvas. Many of these are also impermanent in the sense that sunlight can decompose them. In the venerable National Museum of Natural History in Paris there is a panel of mounted South American hummingbirds that have been on exhibition since the 18th century. Decades of unshaded daylight have bleached out nearly all the pigmented colors, whereas the prismatic colors still flash forth iridescence. The specimens are now only shimmering ghosts of hummingbirds.

Birds, like men, vary their garb according to age, sex and season, and relish it frequently enough to maintain a high sartorial standard. In adult birds the plumage of the two sexes may be either identical, similar, or extraordinarily different. Wherever it is alike, as in most sea birds and many others, the family responsibilities of the mated pair are likely to be shared in common. Father as well as mother helps in the incubation of the eggs and the defense and feeding of the young. At the other extreme are the birds of paradise, in which the indescribably ornate cocks have no reproductive function other than to court and fertilize the demurely inconspicuous females. In one Old World sandpiper known as the ruff, we find the last word

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Dr. Murphy, writer of four books and numerous articles, recently retired as Senior Curator of Birds at the American Museum of Natural History in New York. He has led many field-research expeditions to far climes all over the world.



in sexual dissimilarity because no two male ruffs display the same breeding plumage. Each is an "original creation," as though it were an item of costly millinery.

In the same wader or sandpiper group are even more remarkable tricks of feathering. The three species of phalaropes, for example, exhibit plumage reversal, the female possessing stronger color and pattern than her mate. This is commonplace, moreover, with a transposition

of reproductive behavior. The female phalarope takes the initiative in courtship and in selection of the nest site, whereas the male does all the setting and rearing of young.

Among many of our familiar birds the plumage changes of season or lifetime, or both, are altogether spectacular. Some birds adopt their final styles while they might yet be called children. Others require years to attain the ultimate adult dress. Some of our most resplendent summer songbirds, such as the scarlet tanager, indigo bunting, bobolink and numerous warblers, have become by autumn strikingly transformed. Usually the postnuptial molt makes the self-advertising male assume some degree of resemblance to the modestly colored female. During the transition male tanagers become a motley patchwork of scarlet and olive green. After completion of the process they can still be distinguished by their retention of black wings, which the female never has.

But although plumage is for dress up and display, we must not forget its many other functions. It keeps the skin of a bird cool in the heat and warm in the cold. When feathers are fluffed out by superficial muscles at the base of each, the entrapped air (an excellent nonconductor) can be trebled in thickness. Feathers on a living bird wash without becoming waterlogged. Preening, and the application of pomade from a little compact called the oil gland which most birds carry just above the tip of the tail, keep them in bandbox condition. The self-cairring bitters even manufactures a glandular dry shampoo from friable tufts of feathers known as powder-down patches. Wing or tail quills in many kinds of birds "sing" or, more properly, make instrumental music. And, finally, let us remember that all the refinements of man-made flight, such as camber, torque, wing-slotted, and adjustable angle of attack, had been worked out in feathers eons before the cave man first sketched a bird on the wall of his dark retreat.



SCARLET TANAGER



Only a few of the scores of species of this tropical bird family reach the United States. At the left, a male is decked out in full breeding "pink." The two others are a male changing into autumn dress and a female wearing her all-year green-winged costume.



COMMON LOON



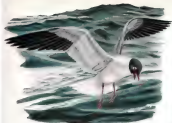
Lake-nesting loons of spring and summer are magnificently stylized, the two sexes sharing the same pattern and hues, which is a common condition in water birds. But on the wintry ocean, right, the difference for loons, their plumage becomes gray and featureless.



INDIGO BUNTING



Familiar in brushy second-growth, the male indigo-bunting glows with a color based upon the ability of its feather surfaces to reflect only the blue band of the spectrum. In the late summer months of molting, the cock (right) is almost a copy of his drab mate.



LAUGHING GULL



One of the dullest of its family, the gull called "laughing" - from its euphonious notes - is a harmony of black, white and deep gray, with coral accents in bill and feet. The sexes are alike in coloration. In winter the birds don a plumage of Quaker freckers.



BOBOLINK



Transformation of the smart and bickering male bobolink of northern springtime into the dull "rice bird" of autumn is one of the most striking of nature's plumage changes. The female at all seasons closely resembles the male shown in the painting at right.



WILSON'S PHALAROPE



In the course of evolution a very few birds have gone feminine with a vengeance. Wilson phalarope is - spring (left) - wears the golden regalia; father is an imitation female who does the chase, too. In winter both sexes look like the female bird on the right.



**ROSE-BREADED
GROSBEAK**

Males are shown here in summer and winter dress. The spring bird is a glorious eye-fall but his mate looks like a big sparrow. In the summer molt the rock's upper part turn brown and the rose breastplate becomes speckled, but the black quills remain.



WOOD DUCK

Scientists have named this species *esopus*, "the bride," and countless enthusiasts regard it the Miss America of birds. At the left is the gorgeous drake of winter and spring. To the right he is shown in the August "velvet," a special female-mimicking plumage.



MAGNOLIA WARBLER

He is a jewel among 30 or more kinds of warblers that bird watchers, during the May migration, find even in Central Park, New York. Headed back toward South America in late summer, the sprite has toned down (right) to a facsimile of his own nestlings.





**RED-BACKED
SANDPIPER**



These waders, which are also called dunlins, might be of either sex because the feathering is the same in both. The rich breeding dress (left), with its black starbarber, is replaced later on for the southward migration by a general subduing and graying of the pattern.



SNOW BUNTING



Few Americans ever see the high Arctic "snowflake" when the male is all black and white in springtime. By the time he migrates to the U.S. in late autumn most of his darker parts, and even the white head, are overlaid with a brown and rusty tinge.



HORNED GREBE



The "hell-diver" is a small fish-eating relative of the loon. The female as well as the male wears crests—dark in spring, and now their glossy brown feathers were—ought to be an adornment for ladies' hats. In winter (right) this long-winged diver is severely plain.

William T. Cooper

Brother to the Swan

When Peter Scott saw some 4,000 geese circling above a desolate salt marsh in England, he was inspired to create the world's most unusual wildfowl preserve

by FARLEY MOWAT



SCOTT FEEDS SOME WHITE-FRONTED GREBE CHICKS

FOR 20 YEARS one of my hobbies has been bird watching. I've seen my share of rarities, but the rarest American birds I ever saw were on a stretch of marshy land in southern England. It was a June day. The soft spring air was filled with the cooings and goings of ducks, and within easy distance of me were many of the species I had searched for in vain at home, including a flock of North American trumpeter geese which are the largest and rarest of all swans.

I was a little dazed, for within an area of about 20 acres sat, swam or flew the greatest collection of wild waterfowl ever assembled in one spot.

But possibly the strangest thing about it all was that I was standing in the heart of one of the busiest industrial areas in the world, almost within sight of the chimney smoke of the great port of Bristol and less than two hours' train ride from London. Jet planes screamed low overhead and traffic rumbled on the nearby highways, but the winged guests of the Severn Wildfowl Trust never turned a feather.

Slimbridge, the home of the Severn Wildfowl Trust, is on the shores of the busy Severn River in Gloucestershire. Through historic times this piece of soggy land, called The Dumbles, has been the private geese-hunting preserve of the Berkeley family. Immense flocks of geese have wintered here for untold centuries. It was the presence of a flock of over 4,000 of them that

led to the birth of what is undoubtedly the most unusual wildfowl sanctuary in existence anywhere, with 140 species of ducks, geese and swans from all over the world.

That was in 1946. Peter Scott, the famous painter of birds, had returned from the Royal Navy fleet with a dream to establish a refuge for waterfowl on a brand-new plan, where scientists could work out research problems and at the same time the general public could have a chance to see the incredible diversity and beauty of the geese, ducks and swans of the world. Scott happened to be visiting Slimbridge on that momentous winter day when the geese were milling over The Dumbles and saw at once that this was the perfect site for his experiment. In short order, he acquired a long-term lease on 25 acres of swampy reclaimed ground bordering a salt marsh.

IMMEDIATE SUPPORT

He had the land, but little else. He had nothing but personal funds to begin his work. But he had the same kind of perseverance that called his father to the South Pole and into history; and he had the almost immediate support of the English people who are unique in the interest they take in wild beasts and birds. Some of Scott's friends began the immediate organization of a trust and the roster of those who joined included people like Field Marshal Viscount Alastair, His Ex-

cellency Ahmed Aboud Pasha, a half dozen lords of the realm and, more important, several thousand ordinary citizens. The Trust took formal shape and Scott was named as Permanent Honorary Director. The list of supporters grew until it now includes Queen Elizabeth as patron.

All this was very wonderful, but the practical problems of establishing a new kind of bird sanctuary were immense. Scott knew what he wanted; the birds had to be almost as free as human visitors. The land was laid out into plots of varying size along a number of shallow drainage ditches running through the property. Each plot was surrounded by a low wire-mesh fence to keep out foxes and weasels, but there was no roof.

Then landscaping of these plots was begun. But the problem of money seemed insurmountable. Scott spent his own funds lavishly and earned further money by selling his paintings and lecturing (even now he draws no salary). Membership fees and donations had to make up the balance of the sum required, but these sources fell far short. Scott was not to be stopped. He managed to acquire the services of a gang of German prisoners awaiting repatriation and inspired them to the same kind of enthusiasm which motivated him.

Within a year the New Grounds (as the sanctuary area has been called since

continued on next page

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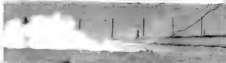
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Brother to the Swan

mutual transparency

1480: was fairly well in shape and already the birds had begun to take over the artificial ponds, swamps and streams.

Scott's plans for the future called for the establishment of a collection of every species of wild duck, goose and swan that he could lay hands on, all living in an environment as close to nature as possible. As fast as he could acquire birds he clipped their wings and released them in the proper ponds. The birds were captive—for a while. But as their flight feathers grew out again, most of them were not recaptured.

Secret himself had doubts at first about the wisdom of giving these imported birds their freedom, but time has proved him right. So attractive is the sanctuary that very few of the birds have taken advantage of the dubious joys of freedom. There has only been one serious "break" and this was not because the birds conceived so audacious an escape. It happened in January of 1932 and was a minor affair throughout Britain for a week. A flock of grouse snow geese was in the habit of making a morning exercise flight over the Severn River. On the morning of Jan. 30 a heavy fog swept in from the sea while the birds were aloft, and they got lost. Some found their way home the next day, in a state of near exhaustion, but the balance of the flock had vanished.

A country-wide search got under way at once. The British Broadcasting Corporation made three nationwide broadcasts. Bird watchers rallied on with binoculars to join the search. More than 200 telephone calls poured in to Sloughbridge giving information.

The birds had evidently separated and landed whenever they happened to be when exhaustion overtook them. One was found wearily footed it across a farmer's field and was returned to Slimbridge. Other individuals were

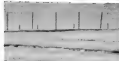
seen in remote parts of England. The surviving snow geese were so shaken by the experience of life in the raw that they gave up their morning flights entirely for a long time. Even now they seldom take the air except on clear days and for brief periods.

For a time there was some trouble with poachers, but Seatt solved this problem neatly by offering everyone in Niblethorpe parish special membership in the Trust. As a result, the poachers are now on the side of the goose. The same is not true of the RAF, which has several jet airfields in the area. A steady battle between Seatt and the low-flying jet pilots came to a head in 1951 when the authorities decided that The Dumbles would make a fine bombing target. The enraged members of the Trust protested so loudly that the RAF, soldiers defeated in the air, had to accept defeat on the ground and withdraw.

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One of the best ways of obtaining information about wild geese is by marking them. The Trust has an extensive bird-banding program under way, both in Slonbridge and in Iceland, nesting ground of many European geese. But since geese are hard birds to catch, Seatz and his staff have had to develop some unique methods of trapping them. Strangest of these is the use of rockets. A long stretch of fairly fine mesh net is carefully hidden in the stubble of newly fields where the geese feed. Each end of the net is attached to a 10-pound rocket projectile fired from a launching ramp. When the geese have begun to feed in front of the net the rockets are fired electrically and sweep forward over the startled geese, dragging the net with them. The rocket net is now so efficient that as many as 350 geese have been taken in a single "throw."

Once captured, the geese are marked, weighed, examined with a fluoroscope to see if they are carrying gun shot, and



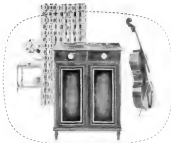
TRUST'S MOST SUCCESSIONAL TRAPPING MEANS

finally simultaneously released from special keeping cages so that family or flock structures are not broken up.

Different colored aluminum bands, that can be identified at a distance, are used, bearing a number and an address. Sometimes the birds are marked with bright-colored dyes so that individuals can be identified at a considerable distance. Startled and incredulous English hunters gaze in bewilderment as geese sporting bright purple tails sweep overhead—but they aren't works, even though the gaudy geese seem a bit conspicuous at first.

Most of the banding work is done in central Iceland. The Trust has now sent two banding expeditions there under Scott's command. During the summer the adult geese molt their flight plumes and cannot fly, and the young birds have not yet grown their first flight quills. As a result the whole goose population is land-bound for about three weeks, and Scott has worked out an ingenious method for taking advantage of this fact. Expedition members on Icelandic ponies go galloping cowboy style across the flat country, rounding up families and flocks. The geese streak across for the nearest high ground. Part of Scott's group remains concealed just over the crest of the hills where the surprised geese halt and collect into a tight bunch. As soon as the gaggle has been assembled, a small corral of nylon netting is set up on stakes and the birds are driven slowly into it. The size of the drive is often tremendous. Twice, gaggles of over 3,000 geese were corralled in one drive. All in all, Scott's party has caught more than 9,000 geese in this unusual manner. All of the birds were banded and some will appear at Slimbridge each winter where they will be retrapped in rocket nets, thereby producing samples from which the total population figures for pink-foot geese can be deduced. Others will be shot in far places, and the return of the bands will enable Scott to trace

continued on next page



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Brother to the Swan

continued from page 68

migration routes and the range of the species. When all the information is in, the Trust will be able to provide the facts upon which an intelligent control of pinkfoot hunting can be based.

Ducks are also trapped for banding purposes, by a method as ancient as the rocket nets are modern. Included in the New Grounds is a duck trap built 110 years ago. In essence the trap, or decoy as it is properly called, consists of a square pond of about an acre. From each corner a curving ditch, growing steadily narrower, leads off into the underbrush. Overlapping wicker screens stand at intervals along the sides of each ditch, or "pipe," behind which the decoyman can hide. The pipe itself is covered by a tapered tunnel of netting stretched on hoops and it terminates in a catching pocket.

A DOG LEADS THE DUCKS

Getting the ducks into the decoy pipe is a fine art. It is usually accomplished with the help of a specially trained dog, often a nondescript mongrel endowed with superior brains. When the ducks have gathered on the pond the dog suddenly appears, jumping over a low screen called a dog-leap. The ducks are startled but they seem to realize that they are safe enough on water and they begin to give way to a strange type of mob psychology. The dog seems to be alone and, as with human beings, ducks can seldom resist the opportunity to mob a single enemy who can't fight back. Quacking loudly, the birds swim toward the dog who retreats and disappears, to reappear a moment later farther up the mouth of one of the pipes. Thoroughly excited, and urging each other on to mayhem, the ducks follow until suddenly the decoyman steps out of hiding behind them, cutting off their escape.

The Trust also bands ducks on a second and much older decoy at Borough Fen. This decoy has been supplying ducks, mostly mallards, to the market since 1630, and during the entire unbroken period of its operation it has been worked by one family.

Since its inception the Trust has cooperated with the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service as well as with the Delta Waterfowl Research Station in Manitoba, Canada, where many of the Slimbridge birds originally came from. Not only birds, but ideas are traded as well. Scott himself went out to the Delta Station a few years ago to assist in building the first decoy in North



FOSTER MOTHER for many a young goose at Sloughbridge is a hen, far often the real parents forgetfully seeking their own.

America. Perhaps the most intriguing international aspect of the Trust's activities is the way the world at large has assisted in building up the Severn collection.

In the beginning the collection consisted of about 50 waterfowl of only 10 different species. By the end of the first year there were 70 different species in the pen and as word of the project found its way around the world a steady stream of rare and exotic birds began to pour into Slimbridge. These were flightless steamer ducks and upland geese from the Falkland Islands near the borders of Antarctica, oblique and harlequin ducks from Iceland, black ducks from the U.S.; pygmy geese and tree ducks from India and Australia, and even Hottentot teal from Africa.

Five rare trumpet swans were flown from British Columbia to London as a gift to Queen Elizabeth, who was then princess, after her 1953 visit to Canada. She in turn presented them to Scott.

One of the most remarkable jobs ever done by the Trust has resulted in a 20% increase in the numbers of one of the rarest birds alive—the Nene, or Hawaiian goose.

The home range of these handsomely patterned birds is restricted to the Hawaiian Islands and with the importation of guns, the mongoose, dogs and wild pigs, the goose-necked steeple for extinction. One man in Hawaii, Hebert C. Shipman, saw the threat of extinction and procured some Nene which he kept in captivity in the hope that they would multiply. For a while

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Brother to the Swan

continued from page 65

they did, but then a tidal wave and a sequence of other disasters struck the little flock. Nevertheless, Shipman's efforts had managed to preserve a group of about 26 geese alive, at a time when the total number of Nenes in existence was down to approximately 31.

In 1949 the Hawaiian Board of Agriculture and Forestry made an effort to breed some of the geese on a reserve at Pohakuloa, using two pairs lent by Shipman. The Delta Research Station was asked for advice in the project, and they recommended that the Severn Trust be asked for help.

The Trust replied at once, and not by mail. The curator of the Severn collection, John Yelland, was sent post-haste to Hawaii where he spent the entire summer and helped to raise two Nene goslings. It was at this point that Shipman took a calculated risk and shipped a pair of the surviving geese to Slimbridge in the hope that Seott might have better luck at rearing young. Bad luck intervened again. The seeds of the Nene cannot be easily told apart, by men at any rate, and the two geese proved that they were both females when each laid a batch of infertile eggs. A frantic radiogram to Hawaii resulted in the despatch of a gander by air, but his arrival was too late for the breeding season. During

1950 only three goslings were raised in Hawaii, and it seemed certain now that the Nene must vanish.

But 1951 saw a spectacular change. In the spring both of the females at Slimbridge nested and an entire group of nine survived into maturity. In 1953 five more were successfully weaned and so from the original three birds, there is now a group of 17 Nenes at Slimbridge. Seott expects to begin shipping Nenes back to Hawaii soon.

Keeping the collection at Slimbridge alive and in good health is a tremendous job. Since the birds come from all over the world, they may be subject to odd diseases and to queer dietary needs. Feeding them is not easy. Young fish-eating ducks, for example, have to be started on a diet of maggots, and the Trust has its own maggot factory for this purpose. When these fish ducks are a little older they require about 500 sticklebacks—small shallow-water fish—daily.

A LOW MORTALITY RATE

Geese, fortunately, are mostly grass-eaters and feeding them is less of a problem. A great many of the ducks and swans need grains of various kinds, however, and they also need tons of water plants such as duck weed, which is harvested on various bodies of water within 20 miles of the New Grounds. With more than 140 different kinds of birds to worry about, the job of the



PAINTING FROM LIFE. Seott stands by the studio window of his new home and has only to glance outside to see his models.

present curator, Torrey Johnston, is a tremendous one. But the mortality rate is amazingly low.

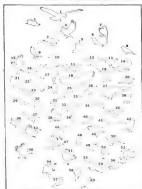
One of the aspects of the menagerie that is confusing to everyone concerned is the way that wild ducks and geese join the flocks and become, voluntarily, members of the collection. Native swans, geese and ducks from all over Europe are constantly dropping in to see what Slimbridge is like, and many decide this is the life for them and stay for good. Some of the rarest of English birds have appeared out of the blue, including a Bewick's swan. One of the problems that these free-loaders give rise to is the question of interbreeding. The English native birds sometimes get confused and mate with perfect strangers so that the offspring look like nothing on earth—literally. Weird hybrids wander happily about the pens, making the job of record-keeping difficult. But at Slimbridge anything on wings is welcome—except the ever-present jays.

The work that is done at the Trust falls into three main divisions. First, straight conservation work including a wide-spread educational campaign that, in 1955, attracted at least 25,000 visitors to Slimbridge to see what Seott and his people had accomplished.

Second is the amassing of scientific data on waterfowl populations, without which no intelligent plans for future bird conservation can be made. Banding, marking and summer studies on nesting grounds make up the main elements of this work.

The third type of work is utterly fascinating, for it is concerned with bird behavior studies. Scientists from all over the world come to Slimbridge

KEY TO BIRDS IN TREE ON COVER



- 1 Marsh hawk 2 Redstart 3 Siskin 4 Eurasian greenback 5 Red-throated woodpecker 6 Tree swallow 7 Brown thrasher 8 Blue grosbeak 9 Wood thrush 10 Bonaparte's gull 11 Rose-breasted grosbeak 12 Pileolated warbler 13 Mockingbird 14 Yellow-headed blackbird 15 Parula 16 Mourning warbler 17 Barn swallow 18 Red-tailed hawk 19 C. W. swallow 20 Loggerhead shrike 21 Spotted hawk 22 Blue jay 23 Towhee 24 Bluebird 25 Yellow warbler 26 Hooded oriole 27 Baltimore oriole 28 Red-shouldered hawk 29 Common blackbird 30 Black-throated blue warbler 31 House sparrow 32 Eastern blue-gray gnatcatcher 33 White-breasted nuthatch 34 Robin 35 Eastern bluebird 36 American Cuckoo 37 House wren 38 C. 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to study the activities of certain species under the almost ideal conditions prevailing there. And some of the results are bizarre in the extreme. It appears that birds can have just as unusual temperaments and fancies as any human being. There is, for example, the case of one true duck who, accidentally deprived of his mate, fell wildly in love with Johnston, the caretaker, and followed that hapless man about lovingly everywhere he went. In desperation, Johnston managed to persuade the duck to transfer his affections to a dog instead. One wonders what Freud would have thought about that one!

Oddly enough, most of the waterfowl in the collection seem to get on well together, despite the variety in species. There are, however, a few exceptions. The Egyptian goose, as might be expected, is a phenomenally bad-tempered anglophobe who has no use for any other creature, bird or man. He bites the hand that feeds him, literally. As a result of his evil temper he is one of the few birds that have been segregated into small pens and denied the general freedom of the display.

AN EASEL NEAR THE BIRDS

While the facilities for the birds are excellent, the living quarters for Scott and his small staff have so far been rather primitive. Scott and his attractive young wife and daughters have lived for the past few years in a little farm cottage on the grounds, a place crammed with books and with Scott's paintings. However, last year the couple built a new house whose 8-by-10 foot studio window is almost lapped by the water of one of the goose ponds. Here Scott can stand at his easel while a myriad of ducks and geese sweep by to settle within 20 feet of him.

Over the years Peter Scott has become one of the foremost painters of waterfowl, and when one looks at his work it is easy to understand something of the fascination and beauty which he finds in studying wild ducks and geese. Much of what Scott feels for these birds he has passed on to his friend Paul Gallico, whose famous and moving story, *The Snow Goose*, resulted from his association with Scott and Slimbridge.

A visit to Slimbridge soon demonstrates the truth of what Gallico wrote and what Scott paints: that there are few things in this world more stirring and more satisfying than the intimate and friendly mingling of the great water birds of the world with their sometime arch-enemy—man.

(K. N. G.)

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TIP FROM THE TOP



For all golfers except the consistent below-80 players

From HARRY PEZZULLO, *Minicoin Hills Country Club, Northbrook, Ill.*

One of the questions I hear all the time is "How hard should I hit this trap shot?" The way I answer is this: "If you were going to toss the ball underhand up to the pin from that spot, how hard would you throw it? Try to picture that, and then swing through with the club just as hard as you would swing through with your hand if you were tossing the ball."

This analogy holds no matter what part of a trap you are in. For example, if you were going to throw the ball from under the lip of a deep trap, you would throw more "up" and less "out." To achieve this trajectory with your golf club, you hit the sand three or four inches behind the ball, remembering to follow through with your stroke. On the other hand, if you were at the back edge of the trap, you would toss the ball in a trajectory that would be less "up" but a good distance "out." In this case, play the ball with an open stance, and strike the ball first and the sand second, using very little wrist action. If you remember this adjustment and still swing as hard as you would toss the ball from that position, the ball will have the right amount of carry.



NEXT WEEK'S GUEST PRO: GENE LITTLER ON THE HIT-THROUGH

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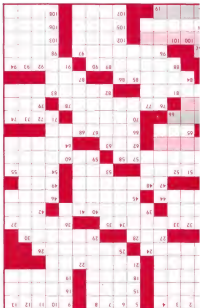
MATCHWIT

MATCHWIT is the only dual crossword in the world. To solve it, couples may sit opposite each other at a card table or well-balanced lapboard. At the signal, both contestants start solving. The definitions are daffy—watch out for puns, anagrams and perflage; let your mind

wander. Some of the words link the two puzzles together, permitting one player to do the other in the eye. Save these till last. If both players get stuck, the puzzles may be reversed and the solving resumed. First one finished wins. It's designed for two but one can play it alone.

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99 A card of hope
100 A card of hope





- 40 But don't his connect
41 Where to find beauty
42 Kind of up
43 Coward's job
44 People in a black plot
45 All for the fun of it
46 It's not for the faintest
47 Roundabout property of Homer
48 Don't's last name?
49 Part of 70 B.
50 Mr. Money
51 A kind of dress, not deep
52 Girl from Kalamazoo
53 Read me point book
54 Glimpse

- 55 Better half of Mount
56 They're useful for tooth
57 Debuting in the yelping
58 Good place to make bank for
59 Two-fifty affair
60
61 This is my year also?
62 The sound of a fat man's
63 don't
64 It follows the next
65 Showing half of doubt
66 Garden no more good eggs
67 A success at painting the plot
68 West under cover
69 Eve's Diary
70 Have much to do with this
71 and space
72 The girls in Los Angeles
73 Mr. Money
74 This kind is from Omaha
75 He's found among the bones
76 Quiet, please!
77 A sort of glass
78 And
79 A poem in progress
80 Court's seat
81
82 Unintentional example
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DOWN

- 1 Rural sometime in Paris
2 He's a podster without Ed
3 Don't die yet
4 Where to find the world's best
5 What comes before us good?
6 Justice is half elephants
7 She was simply divine
8 Midnight melodies
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10
11
12 A
13 Name for a bright prime man
14 How to address a G.D.
15
16 What the stars say
17 Here's how to start the team
18 Queen to the sea
19 Handy man to have in the
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23 Small member of the family
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ACROSS

- 1 Circus performer
2 New-gang letters
3 Hot dog with mustard, please
4
5 There's a draft here
6 Friend of Edna D.
7
8 Half women in plant
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SOLUTION WILL APPEAR IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE



COMING EVENTS

● TV ● NETWORK RADIO: ALL TIMES ARE E.S.T. EXCEPT WHEN OTHERWISE NOTED

May 13 through May 22

FRIDAY, MAY 13

Baseball

- Cincinnati vs. Philadelphia, Crosley Field, Cincinnati, 7:25 p.m. (Midwest)*

Boxing

- Roldo (Tiger) Jones vs. Eduardo Llesco, middleweights, West. Sq. Garden, N.Y. (18 rds.), 10 p.m. (NBC)

Horse Racing

- Hollywood Premiere Handicap, \$25,000, 6 f., 3-yr.-olds up, Hollywood Pk., Inglewood, Calif. Derby Trial Stakes, 1 1/4 m., Longfield Pk., England. (Final prep for Epsom Derby)

Horse Shows

- Flamingo Hunter, Jumper & Stock Show, Flamingo, Calif. (until May 15)

Rodeo

- Intercollegiate Rodeo, U. of Wyoming, Laramie, Wyo.

Tennis

- Austria vs. Great Britain, Davis Cup European Zone second-round match, Austria (until May 15). New England College tournament, Williams College, Williamstown, Mass.

Track & Field

- Mid-Atlantic Collegiate Assn. championships, Lafayette College, Lebanon, Pa. (also May 14). Rocky Mountain Assn. championships, Denver

Trophyhunting

- American Championship of America, NMAC, Inverness Island, N.Y. (until May 15)

Water Polo

- Natl. AAU jr. indoor championships, New York

Water Skiing

- Dive Water Ski Tournament, Cypress Gardens, Winter Haven, Fla. (until May 15)

SATURDAY, MAY 14

Auto Racing

- NASCAR short track race, Western-Salem, N.E. Indianapolis "500" trials, Indianapolis (also May 15). Detroit of Champions 100-lap race, Indianapolis. AAA midget race, Mansana, Wis.

Baseball

- Cincinnati vs. Brooklyn, Crosley Field, Cincinnati, 7:25 p.m. (CBS)*
- New York vs. Detroit, Yankee Stadium, N.Y., 1:50 p.m. (Mutual)*

Boxing

- U. of Indiana "Little 500," Bloomington, Ind.

Golf

- Eastern Intercollegiate Golf Assn. tournament, Fair H., New Haven, Conn.

Horse Racing

- Jersey Stakes, \$50,000, 1 1/8 m., 3-yr.-olds, Garden State Pk., Camden, N.J.
- Calixted Handicap, \$25,000, 1 1/16 m., 3-yr.-olds, Golden Gate Fields, Alameda, Calif.
- Metropolitan Handicap, \$30,000, 1 m., 3-yr.-olds up, Belmont Pk., N.Y., 4:15 p.m. (ABC)
- Golden State Breeders' Handicap, \$25,000, 1 1/16 m., 3-yr.-olds up (Held in California), Hollywood Pk., Inglewood, Calif.
- Black Eyed Susan Stakes, \$25,000, 1 1/16 m., 3-yr.-old fillies, Pimlico, Md.

Hunt Racing

- Natl. Hunt Cup & Rafter Hunt Cup races, Rafter Hunt Club, Malvern, Pa.
- Ingles Memorial, Nashville, Tenn.

Motorcycling

- Grand Prix racing, Avon, California Island, Calif.

Boxing

- Eastern sprint championships, Washington, D.C.
- Eastern 150-lb. regatta, Cambridge, Mass.
- Del Valley Bowing Assn. regatta, Philadelphia, Washington vs. California, Seattle.
- UCLA vs. USC, Los Angeles

Sailing

- New England Intercollegiate championships (Cape Cod Bay), New London, Conn.
- Firefly dinghy race, Hingham TC, Mass.

Track & Field

- West Coast Relays, Fresno, Calif.

- Big Ten Relays, Evanston, Ill.
- Regional Games, Princeton, N.J.

Weight Lifting

- Natl. AAU jr. championships, Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.

SUNDAY, MAY 15

Auto Racing

- NASCAR 100-m. race, Martinsville, Va. & Tucson, Ariz.
- SOGA Cumberland sports car race, Cumberland, Md.
- AAA midget race, Baykon, Ohio.
- SOGA sports car race, Santa Rosa, Calif.

Baseball

- New York vs. Kansas City, Yankee Stadium, N.Y., 2 p.m. (Mutual)*

Golf

- Arlington Hotel Open final, Hot Springs, Ark.
- Greater Open final, White Sulphur Springs, W. Va.

Motorhunting

- Outboard 30-m. marathon, Solomons Island, Rd.

Sailing

- 1-mil. saige boat championships, Chatham, Mass.
- Heard regatta, San Francisco

MONDAY, MAY 16

Baseball

- ABC Masters tournament, Fort Wayne, Ind. (until May 15)

Boxing

- Ricky Marciano vs. Don Cockell, for world heavyweight title, Caesar Stadium, San Francisco (15 rds., 9 p.m. P.D.T.) (Theater Network TV only)
- Paolo vs. Marco vs. Luby, lightweights, St. Nick's, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (Du Mont)
- Hardy Smalwood vs. Bob Francis, middleweights, Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (ABC)*

Golf

- British Ladies' Open Amateur, Royal Pictou Club, Northern Ireland (until May 15)

Horse Racing

- La Salle Handicap, \$25,000, 6 f., 3-yr.-olds up, Balmoral, Orle, Ill.

TUESDAY, MAY 17

Auto Racing

- Circuit of Champions 100-lap race, Memphis, Tenn.

Baseball

- Chicago vs. Philadelphia, Wrigley Field, Chicago, 7:25 p.m. (Mutual)*

Boxing

- Frankie Ryell vs. Ralph Dupas, lightweights, New Orleans (10 rds.)

Horse Racing

- Calvary Stakes, \$15,000, 5 f., 3-yr.-olds, colts & geldings (Held in California), Hollywood Pk., Inglewood, Calif.

Water Skiing

- World championship finals, Milan (until May 21)

WEDNESDAY, MAY 18

Baseball

- New York vs. Chicago, Yankee Stadium, N.Y., 1:55 p.m. (Mutual)*

Boxing

- Willie Pep vs. Gil Cedillo, featherweights, Olympia Stadium, Detroit (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (CBS)

Horse Racing

- Max Chicago Stakes, \$30,000, 5 1/2 f., 3-yr.-old fillies, Balmoral, Orle, Ill.

Pole

- Southwestern Inta-Circuit & 10-goal Open tournament begin, Vernon, Texas

THURSDAY, MAY 19

Auto Racing

- AAA midget race, Detroit

Golf

- Kansas City Open, Kansas City, Mo. (until May 21)

Horse Racing

- Massachusetts Handicap, \$25,000, 1 1/4 m., 3-yr.-olds up, Suffolk Downs, E. Boston, Mass.

FRIDAY, MAY 20

Auto Racing

- NASCAR midget race, Martinsville, N.J.
- AAA midget race, Lakewood, Ind.

Boxing

- Gil Tunney vs. Ramon Fonfies, welterweights, West. Sq. Garden, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (ABC)

Golf

- U.S. vs. Great Britain, for Walker Cup, St. Andrews, Scotland (also May 21)

Track & Field

- Los Angeles Coliseum Relays, Los Angeles. West Sander to try for mile record.
- Big Seven Outdoor championships, Lawrence, Kan.

Water Skiing

- Southwestern U.S. regional championships, Kiwanis Beach, Fla. (until May 22)

SATURDAY, MAY 21

Auto Racing

- Indianapolis "500" qualifying trials, Indianapolis (also May 22).
- NASCAR 100-m. race, Lancaster, S.C.
- NASCAR short track left race, Jersey City, N.J.
- AAA midget race, Lakewood, Ind.

Baseball

- Brooklyn vs. Philadelphia, Ebbets Field, Brooklyn, N.Y., 1:55 p.m. (CBS)*
- New York vs. Baltimore, Yankee Stadium, N.Y., 1:55 p.m. (Mutual)*

Horse Racing

- Camden Handicap, \$30,000, 1 1/8 m., 3-yr.-olds up, Garden State Pk., Camden, N.J.
- Withers Stakes, \$25,000, 1 m., 3-yr.-olds, Belmont Pk., N.Y.
- Delaware Stakes, \$25,000, 6 f., 3-yr.-olds, colts & geldings, Hollywood Pk., Inglewood, Calif.
- Centennial Handicap, \$25,000, 1 1/8 m., 3-yr.-olds up, Balmoral, Orle, Ill.
- Dixie Handicap, \$25,000, 1 1/8 m., 3-yr.-olds up, Pimlico, Md.
- Earl Strophack Handicap, \$25,000, about 7 m., 4-yr.-olds up, Belmont Pk., N.Y., 4:15 p.m. (ABC)

Hunt Racing

- Form Trial Fox Hunting Club, Media, Pa.

Boxing

- Clewage Cup (Covell, Princeton, Yale), Princeton, N.J.
- Goldwater Cup (Harvard, Yale, Princeton 150-lb. event), New Haven, Conn.
- Strophack Cup regatta, Philadelphia
- California vs. Wisconsin, Berkeley, Calif.
- Stanford vs. UCLA, Redwood City, Calif.

Track & Field

- Modesto Relays, Modesto, Calif.

SUNDAY, MAY 22

Auto Racing

- Monaco Grand Prix, Monaco
- NASCAR 100-m. race, Richmond, Va.
- Circuit of Champions 100-lap race, Houston, Texas

Baseball

- Brooklyn vs. Philadelphia, Ebbets Field, Brooklyn, N.Y., 2 p.m. (Mutual)*

Boxing

- 10-m. w. race, Bloomfield, N.J.

Motorhunting

- Natl. AAU jr. marathon, Yankers, N.Y.

Rodeo

- World Championship Calf Roping, Clovis, N. Mex.

Water Skiing

- Natl. AAU 40-kilo. championship, Cincinnati

*See local listing

DIGNITY AND COMMON SENSE

Sirs:

It was a pleasure to discover in your latest instalment of *81* that Tenzing's story of his young marriage in Nepal (31, April 2) was correct and that he was the first to achieve his victory over Everest (31, May 9).

"In some ways I am a little different from most of my people," Tenzing says. "I have wanted to travel, to move, to go and see, to go and find."

Yet after reading Tenzing's account of the Sherpa people I feel that he must characterize the best of that mountain race. As a member of one of the sturdiest communities on this earth he can speak thoughtfully and almost convincingly of things we would distrust as primitive superstitions. As an internationally famous man, he met with supreme good sense and dignity the world's belating over minute and foolish questions of precedence.

The powers of the West and East could well take a lesson in civilization from Tenzing Norgay and his Sherpa mountain tribe.
Best, Don Ore

Waco, Texas

BEST

Sirs:

Your Tenzing story is a corker, the best so far.

HENRY JACQUET GERRIE

Winter Park, Fla.

ITS OWN REWARD

Sirs:

Be anyone who has felt the urge to climb mountains, your articles on Tenzing Norgay have been most enjoyed. Mountaineering is the purest form of sport we know today. When the climber defeats his mountain, the reward is only in the climbing. There is no audience, no applause, no material reward for the majority of those who follow the sport.

PHILIP HODGKINS

Albany, N.Y.

HARMON IS DEAD

Sirs:

Hannes Schneider, the greatest skier-artist of them all, is dead (RECORDED, "Miscellaneous," May 9).

For over 16 years I lived across the street from Hannes in St. Anton, where Arlberg is Austria. I had most of my meals at Hannes' table. My home had been in Innsbruck in the Tyrol, but when my parents died I went to live at the Arlberg where Hannes had his old school. One night say that Hannes adopted me. Together we skied, hunted the chamois in the Tyrolean Alps, chopped wood and guided what few tourists there were through the high mountains. So I learned more than skiing at the hands of my oldest and most respected friend—maybe I should say father.

As I remember well, Hannes told me that during World War I, when he was training mountain troops for the Austrian army, it first seemed to him that old teaching could be done successfully as a group basis instead of on an individual basis—which had

been the way in the European ski countries. There were hundreds of guides and teachers, but no ski schools. On this system he planned his school.

Hannes had been an outstanding competitor and had won almost every event there was to win, so he had a reputation.

But he also had something more important than a new system and a name. He had a feeling for snow, for mountains, for



SCHNEIDER & NEWEST GENERATION

people, and the feelings were set on fire by his desire for everyone to learn to ski. Everyone.

St. Anton was a poor town. The small farms hung from the sides of the mountains. When snow came, the townpeople sat before their stoves and waited for spring. But after Hannes started his school and it became well known, it gave the town a new outlook and purpose. In addition to giving a lot of boys winter jobs teaching skiing, it brought tourists who filled the small town and every spare bedspace in the town. Besides St. Anton, all Austria profited, as many ski schools were started.

The Arlberg technique, which is Hannes' own, was well adapted to the Alpine terrain; Hannes trained his instructors to make them feel the seriousness of old teaching—that it wasn't just a winter job but a vocation; that it isn't easy and not always safe.

As his first assistant for over 16 years, I could see what Hannes did for skiing and what he did for the town and the Arlberg. His school became the best known in Europe. There were 45 men on his staff, all carefully trained instructors and guides. Together we built the Arlberg system to the point where it was the accepted system anywhere one skied. Hannes won his own way with his system. Other methods challenged sometimes, but always the Arlberg got stronger. Hannes and his system and his men not only led in ski teaching but in racing as well.

When Germany invaded Austria, Hannes

was interned in Garmisch by the Nazis, mostly because he was one of the best-known Austrians, not because he had any active political interests, although he was anti-Nazi.

In 1938, Harvey Glasco arranged with Hjalmar Schacht, the German Finance Minister, for Hannes' release. With his family, including his son Herbert, he came to North Conway and brought along such skiers as Benno Hylén, Franz Kossler, Otto Tschudi, Edl Malt and Tom Matt.

I had earlier been given 30 hours by the Nazis to get across Austria and had crossed the border into Switzerland, from where I finally made my way to the United States.

When Hannes and his family landed in North Conway, where he was to set up a school, he looked around at the hills, which compared to home were really very little, and said, "where are the mountains?" Besides no mountains, there wasn't much else for the skier there either.

Out of almost nothing but experience, knowledge and enthusiasm, Hannes built another fine school with as great a reputation as his St. Anton school. He started in his Arlberg style, carefully watching the others come and go. What he had done for our town he also did for North Conway.

I settled first in Yosemite, California. Later I directed the school at the Gray Wolves Inn in Quebec and coached the McGill University ski team. I was new enough to New England to have many fine visits with Hannes.

I only lost a friend when Hannes died; the old world lost the father of modern skiing.

LEONARD FORBES

Yosemite Park, Calif.

SEX BOOBS AND A PUZZLE

Sirs:

THE FROM THE TUE is excellent golf advice which I never miss. One phase of the golf swing has puzzled and bothered me for the last 15 years. When—during the downswing—is the proper time to transfer the weight from the right to the left side of foot? I have six books on golf and not one is definite on this point. The opportunity of watching golf in action is rare in this province and my friends and I would appreciate it if you could prevail on one of your pros to bid us just when the weight should be shifted.

Six months ago I had a number of suggestions which I thought would improve your *81*—but did not write them to you. Others did. I have none now. Thanks for good sport.

RALPH E. NELSON

Eldersley, Saskatchewan, Canada

● We caught Claude Harmon in the locker room of the Winged Foot Golf Club and he said: "Tell Nelson that the first movement of the downswing should be the transference of weight from the right to the left foot by a lateral sliding of the hips."—ED.

continued on next page

DOUBLE TROUBLE

Sir:

According to my account, the *Bunions Derby* (SI, May 2) was run from New York to Los Angeles, not the other way as you state. I was manager of the Castaway Hotel in Los Angeles at the time. As the runners arrived and checked into the hotel, Charlie Pyle, the promoter, told me he would take care of the bill. He didn't have any money but said he would have some in a day or two. He moved into quarters at the west side, as he didn't want the runners to know where he was. I gave them money for meals, but when the bill ran over \$400 I told him I couldn't go any further. Pyle then got a prominent sports figure to OK the bill and I released the runners and their baggage. I never did collect any of the money. One of the runners was Jim Thorpe, the great Indian athlete.

Would like to know who is right.

LARRY SCHADLER

Bern, Nev.

● Inexplicable as it sounds there were five *Bunions Derbies*. Undiscouraged by his 1928 Los Angeles to New York fiasco (a \$150,000 loss), the incredible C. C. Pyle staged a New York to Los Angeles return in 1929, upped the entrance fee to \$300, told the 90 contestants to forage for themselves and this time brought the whole thing off with only an estimated \$100,000 loss.—ED.

VACCINE FOR MIT

Sir:

Listen here, 'tain't fair! Having been told about your MATHEMATICS puzzle, I tied me to the nearest newspaper, purchased SI, April 18 and succeeded in completing your puzzle in three hours (needless to say, dishes and husband collected first).

The following Monday, I asked said newspaper owner for the subsequent issue and was informed it comes out on Thursdays. Impetuously, and with much teeth gnashing, I waited, then I thought the April 25 copy as it is were back exercise and rared back to my office. I glanced over your readers' page (in which one of my competitors so daringly asks you to print MATHEMATICS five times); shook my boss away and prepared to sink my teeth into your seductive concoction when, lo and behold, no puzzle do I see.

This is to inform you that I intend to buy SI just for the puzzle. So, get with it—I want puzzles more frequently, not less.

GRACE K. FARLIN

Flushing, N.Y.

● Stack the dishes fast and turn to page 74.—ED.

APPLIED THERAPY

Sir:

Some weeks ago your WONDERFUL World (SI, April 18) described in pictures how Ted Corbett every evening runs the 13 miles from his office to his home. I know your readers will be interested to learn that Ted won the 26-mile Fairmount Park Marathon in Philadelphia, Sunday, May 1, in a time of 2:38:24.

Ted Corbett is a physical therapist here at the Institute for the Crippled and Disabled, a comprehensive rehabilitation center for the seriously handicapped. In sharp

contrast to his own excellence as an athlete is the patient work he does to bring these disabled people from lines of physical uselessness to the point where they can walk, sit and ease for themselves. Ted Corbett, in our opinion, is every bit as excellent a member of our team as he is an athlete.

WILLIS C. GORTY
Director

Institute for the
Crippled & Disabled
New York

● A special Pat on the Back to Ted Corbett.—ED.



MARATHON WINNER CORBETT

IN SPAIN THEY DO ...

Sir:

Looked over your solar spread on Gen. Franco's hunt in Spain (SI, May 2).

Don't you think your hunting reporter Virginia Kraft was a trifle overgunned? A 300 Holland & Holland Magnum for use on 200-pound bear and deer is considered, in the full-loaded factory ammo she must have used, to be pretty hot for these medium-sized animals. To plink at driven game which come up and positively lick the salt off your sweaty palms, it seems a bit stiff. But in Spain maybe they do things differently.

W. B. EDWARDS
Geneva, N.Y.

Chicago

● Customs regulations forbade our Miss Kraft to bring her own weapons to Spain and she had to accept the .300 Magnum favored by the generally overgunned mistress who hate to miss anything that moves through the weeds. Ginny Kraft recalls the cannon-like behavior of this gun as "cruel and unusual self-pariahment." She would have preferred her own 12-gauge double-barreled A. H. Fox shotgun.—ED.

RENEGADE RECOGNITION

Sir:

Ted Trueblood, in his article *Flies and Lies* (SI, April 25), brought flat recognition to the Renegade, a fly first tied in the early 1930s by Taylor (Beutrich)

Williams, now San Valley's head guide, who beated up the white hackle to make it float well and also to make it more easily visible after sundown in the turbulent waters of Malad Canyon.

In recognizing the Renegade, Trueblood and Costello have accepted what we consider a functional fly. Like the fire flies that we use in this area, the Renegade is short on sales appeal and long on fling a hook.

The color plate shows the Renegade "flew & ate"—true enough—but actually, the brown hackle in the rear, as originally tied, is about half the size as shown.

DAVE ANDERSON

San Valley, Idaho

● Trueblood and Costello are tying Renegades which they feel are suitable to local conditions. "Might try that smaller brown hackle someday," adds Trueblood.—ED.

TRUEBLOOD'S TRUE WOOLLY WORM

Sir:

I am an amateur flytier who read Ted Trueblood's April 25 article on trout flies with a great deal of interest. Could you tell me the composition of the flies shown? Your reproductions are excellent but I cannot ascertain the materials used.

I think you have an excellent magazine and have enjoyed reading it since your first issue.

W. D. ENGLEMAN

Casper, Wyo.

● Herewith the materials used by SI's Ted Trueblood for his twelve Inter-mountain favorites:

GRAY SQUIRREL HORN: gray hackle, gray squirrel tail wing, red floss body ribbed with silver tinsel.

YELLOW BE-FLY: gray hackle, deer body hair wing and tail, yellow floss body.

STONE FLY SYMPH: sparse black hackle, clipped on top; dark-brown chenille body, yellow chenille on bottom, forward third; two goose wing quills for tail.

HUCKLEBERRY ROYAL COACHMAN: brown hackle, bucktail wing, peacock herl body with red floss center, golden pheasant tiplet tail.

TRUE WOOLLY WORM: sparse gray hackle, black-yellow-black chenille body.

SANDY MITE: tan hair hackle, woven tan and yellow hair body.

MARABOU STREAMER: gray hackle, marabou wing topped with peacock herl, oval silver tinsel body.

MOCKY FINN: yellow-red-yellow bucktail wing, silver tinsel body spatted with gold tinsel.

RENEGADE: white hackle front, brown rear; peacock herl body.

GRAY HACKLE YELLOW: gray hackle, yellow floss body ribbed with gold tinsel; red hackle-fiber tail.

SHRIMP: partridge hackle and tail, tan otter fur body.

FLEETMOUSE: gray squirrel-tail wing, body mixed muskrat and coyote tail.—ED.

THOUGHTS ON COFFEEPOY LAKE

Eric

John O'Reilly's story of the Wyandeg sags has (50, April 18) stirred some mighty eloquent highland memories of my home town of Davenport, in eastern Washington flared by the Lou Eddy Ranch, where the outlaw Harry Tracy was killed in July, 1902. Here the sage hen, like the jack-rabbit, played hide-and-seek in the tall sagebrush, although to the wilderness in the duck-and-geese paradise the sage hen was a by-product. With other kids I roamed the potatoe country, spotting the hoppers on small lakes or building blinds and waiting for them to come. We carried 2s and 3s for the goose but, just in case the jack-rabbit and sage hen would take our money, some lighter shot, such as 5s and 6s.

Mr. O'Reilly didn't say, but our sage hens were of little food interest except in the fall, when they occasionally fed on the stubble fields. Otherwise they tasted of sagebrush. There was no season for hunting them, they were a law unto themselves. Difficult to flush, they streaked across the in and out of sagebrush as a coat drive to safety, and all too soon they would vanish. CoffeePoy Lake was their stinging ground.

But our main interest, the center of our hopes and longings, were the hoppers, or Canadian geese. Pellets would bounce off their breasts as if they carried armor if you shot at them head on. As we grew older we learned to stampede them just over the blind and then cut loose. On calm days flock after flock put on magnificent aerial displays over the lake. As they flew in high some leader, wary of flight from the north or staffed with food from the wheat fields far to the east, let go with a steatonic honk, honk. At this they would break formation and fall hundreds of feet in a wild turmoil, a panic of wings and wild cries. As they came close to the lake they would put on the honks and streak the surface with bright gashes of spray.

There were few cameras in those days and I have looked in vain through old Outings and Scribner's for a pictorial story on

these wildfowl parachutists and tumblers. Thanks for bringing back these pleasant thoughts.

Elmhurst, N.Y.

JACK LEVEL

HERE IS A COMMITTEE OF ONE

Sir:

I am the nondescript housewife of a Saturday morning golfer who on April 23 got himself a hole in one on the 200-yard 9th of the Hamilton Beach course.

Please answer this question, which I am weary of asking: why is it when a man achieves such a feat he must buy each and every fellow member a drink at the bar? The only reason the James family was able to lead its three hungry boys for that week is the fortunate absence of a bar at the club.

But he could make a hole in one again on some other, wetter course, and with this thought in mind I would like to elect myself a committee of one to change the unfortunate tradition. When a man attains a great feat, such as a hole in one—and succeeds—it is he who should be the recipient of the prize. Liquor, if you must, but better, why not a small, ornamental pin? The satisfaction would last so much longer.

Give it some thought—it might happen to your wife.

Mrs. HERBERT JAMES
Monteary Park, Calif.

• It is very unlikely to happen to our wife.—ED.

UNDESERVED CREDIT

Sir:

Because I recently went on a week's vacation, I just got around to reading the March 28 issue. In it I found a statement in RECORDS BRONZES which I believe to be incorrect, and I quote, "Dave Hawkins, Harvard's fast-moving NCAA swimming titleholder, established American mark of 2:13.8 for 200-yard butterfly in Eastern Intercollegiate championships at New Haven, Conn."

Phil Drake, University of North Carolina swimmer, did the 200-yard butterfly in a 2:04.96 pool in 2:03.2 (only three-tenths of a second of the world's record) while participating in the Atlantic Coast Conference swimming meet on March 12. I might add that Drake recently won the 200-yard butterfly, beating Hawkins in the NCAA swimming meet at Oxford, Ohio in the time of 2:13.7, which is also better than Hawkins' previous 2:13.8.

JIM GILBERT

Durham, N.C.

• In 1954 the NCAA and AAU recognized the butterfly for the first time as an official stroke separate from the breaststroke, at the same time revising the leg movement to allow for increased speed. Prior to the recent Eastern Intercollegiate meet at New Haven, NCAA officials agreed that an outstanding time in the 200-yard-butterfly would be considered for recognition as the national mark. Hawkins' 2:13.8 was filed by NCAA Swimming Records Chairman Phil Harburger for the new record. Thus Hawkins was the unofficial record holder for the week SI went to press. The following week NCAA officials reversed themselves and decided to recognize as the official butterfly record the 1952 breaststroke mark of 2:12.9 set by John Davies of Australia and Michigan, even though Davies used the older and slower breaststroke kick. The reason North Carolina's Phil Drake, with a better time than Hawkins, was never even the unofficial record holder; his coach had assumed all along that Davies' mark was the official record and did not file Drake's time. Incidentally, there is no 200-yard butterfly world record because FINA recognizes distances of 200 meters and 220 yards only.—ED.



"Think I hear him coming now!"



PAT ON THE BACK

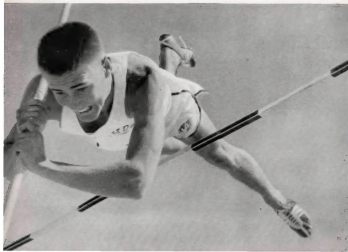
A salute to some who have earned the good opinion of the world of sport, if not its tallest headlines

ALLIE REYNOLDS & SON

Some day Allie Dale Reynolds hopes to follow his famous father into the major leagues. Now 18, he pitches for Classen High School in Oklahoma City, already has a no-hitter. Young Allie is headed for Oklahoma U. to study petroleum engineering, then perhaps on to a pro career. Allie Sr., retired Yankee star, is noncommittal on his son's pitching future: "He looks green."

JIM BREWER

At 16, Jim Brewer of Phoenix, Ariz. is the youngest ever to vault 14 feet in competition. A sophomore at North Phoenix High School, Jim cleared 14 feet 2 inches to break the national high school record. He hopes to top 15 feet by next year and make the '56 Olympic team, after which he aims to enter University of Southern California. His ultimate jumping aim: 16 feet.





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